CHICAGO LEDGER

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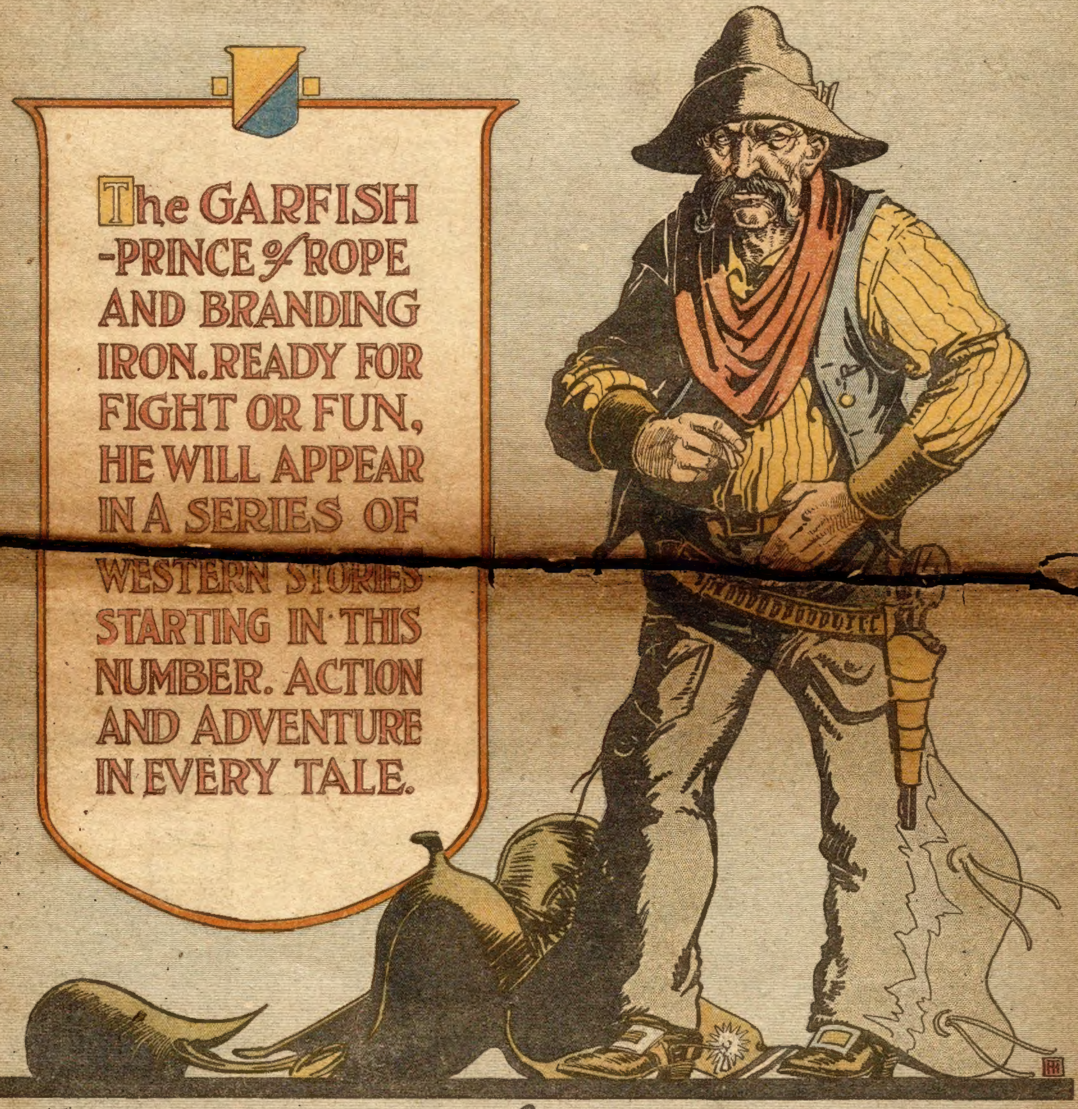

The CAPTURE of BANJO BILLY

by ALBERT WILLIAM STONE

By Rural Delivery

By Emma Walter Bross

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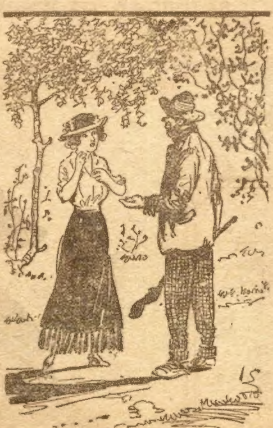
THE good-looking but modest postman on Rural Delivery Route 21, District K, experienced a token of interest and a flutter of expectation as he neared the half tubular zinc receptacle labeled "Adam Foster."

Beyond, at the end of a leafy-roofed arcade two hundred feet long, was the substantial, inviting-looking old farmhouse. It held three daughters and two sons. In one of them young Worth Merrell was especially interested, a shy, blushing, fluttering young creature, who the morning previous had flitted down the shady lane to the side of the mail cart, light and graceful as some fairy.

He had handed her some letters addressed to her father, and a couple of magazines. She had smiled upon him in a way that set his nerves tingling. In her great confusion she had dropped letters and bundles. Their heads had bumped together as they stooped mutually to recover them. Then both had smiled.



Confronted by a Brawny Tramp.

"Could you — would you—that is, I must get a small package to Nellie Blake—you know?—the next farmhouse."

"Surely," assented Merrill eagerly.

"I can't go there and I can't wait to have it mailed."

"As a private individual I am at your service," bowed Merrill.

"Oh, thank you!" and Pearl Foster handed him a neat parcel, smiled bewitchingly and flitted away like a frightened fawn.

The Blake home was the last farmhouse on Merrill's route. He delivered the package to Miss Blake and went on his way, dreaming fondly of the lovely girl who had broken the ice of a mutual acquaintance.

Merrill looked eagerly for his charming ideal the next day, but it was raining, so she did not come down to the mail box at the road. The next afternoon was fair, but the farm path leading up to the house was muddy. From the porch, however, Pearl made urgent gestures, apparently directing the attention of Merrill to a package on top of the letter box.

Merrill saw that it exactly resembled the one he had delivered to Miss Blake two days previous. It felt soft and fluffy and he decided it was some article of feminine adornment, a lace collar, an embroidered handkerchief, or the like. Merrill had heard that the elder sister of Miss Blake was about to be married. This new parcel, he theorized, might be a contribution to a prospective linen shower.

At all events he took it up, waved it at Pearl to indicate that he understood, and his pulse heightened as she vigorously bobbed her pretty head and smiled radiantly.

At the last delivery point Merrill had picked a spray of forget-me-nots. He released the tiny thing of beauty from his buttonhole and placed it between two letters directed to Pearl. Then he went on his way.

The next afternoon he sighted Pearl again on the porch. He hoped she would come to the road in person for the mail. Merrill even waved the letters intended for the house invitingly.

But coy Pearl betrayed an inexplicable shyness. She made a gesture and half hid behind a post. On top of the mail box was a fine bouquet of red roses.

"Ah, another errand to Miss Blake?" soliloquized Merrill, taking up the pretty flowers. He raised them to inhale their delicate perfume. Then his heart beat fast. Was it fancy? Could it be reality? Pearl had wafted him a light kiss with a lighter cooing laugh, and had flown into the house as if hiding some conscious guilt in a breach of decorum.

Miss Blake stared strangely at Merrill as he handed her the bouquet. She looked at him as if misunderstanding. Then she smiled quietly, but she took the flowers and thanked him.

By this time Merrill was head over heels in love with Pearl. His heart fluttered as he hoped that she was interested in him. But the next morning she did not even appear on the porch. The second morning she passed across the lawn, her chin high in the air. She actually turned her back upon him.

The third morning there was a sheet of paper across the mail box. It bore one word: "Stupid!"

Merrill went his way, pondering. When his route was finished he dropped the reins of the old horse, sat back in the gig listlessly, and saw life and all its hopes and motives drop into a sea of despairing gloom.

"What does it mean?" he murmured dejectedly. "'Stupid' — surely! It was meant for me, but why? why?"

The horse, left guideless, had strayed from the road into a thicket. In his present joyless mood Merrill allowed him to graze. His day's labors were over, and he was in a frame of mind where solitude was a boon. Suddenly, however, Merrill was startled by the echo of a vivid scream.

"That is a woman's voice!" he decided, and leaped from the gig and dashed thru the underbrush in the direction from which the cry had sounded. He came to an abrupt halt where a path intersected the wildwood.

Miss Blake stood rigid with fear, confronted by a brawny tramp, who, cudgel in hand, menaced her.

"Out with your purse and off with your jewelry, my pretty!" ordered the man, and then he [illegible] went sprawling at a well-directed blow from the strong fist of Merrill and made off baffled, as Merrill caught the half-fainting girl in his arms.

Miss Blake was hysterical with gratitude, but in a few moments had somewhat regained her composure.

"I had just left Pearl—that is, Miss Foster," she explained, "when that horrid man came along."

"Then perhaps that fellow has started after her—began Merrill in an anxious tone.

"Oh, she is surely home by this time," interrupted Miss Blake. Then she paused. There seemed to be something on her mind. She finally placed a pleading hand on his own.

'You have been so good to me," she spoke falteringly, "I think I should tell you something—about Pearl.

"Anything about Miss Foster will be of infinite importance to me," assured Merrill ardently.

"But—but it is a breach of confidence, perhaps." She hesitated. Then she burst out. "It was about those flowers."

"Oh, the roses Miss Foster sent you."

"She did not mean them for me."

"Indeed?" questioned Merrill puzzled.

"No. They were intended for—you."

"For me? Oh, I understand now!" cried Merrill in a quick, comprehensive gasp. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Your forget-me-nots———"

"I fancied she would scarcely notice them."

"Was it not a floral message?" intimated Miss Blake archly.

"And the roses were——"

"A reply. In the language of flowers—you should feel honored."

"And 'Stupid,' indeed, was I!" exclaimed Merrill, joyously.

"Poor Pearl!" continued Miss Blake. "She has been searching the woods for some grewsome plant that would express her heartbreak."

"She need not, if the assurance that I read her good will aright at last and am eager to tell her how happy she has made me!" orated Merrill in a riotous fervor of delight.

"Suppose—suppose you come over to our house tonight?" gently suggested Miss Blake.

"Suppose I do?" submitted Merrill hopefully.

"Pearl will be there. You can tell her all about your modest mistake."

Which Merrill did, in a quiet corner of the pretty garden, amid sleeping roses, and the chiming crickets, and the sweet white moonlight and—love!

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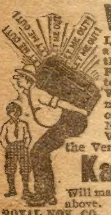

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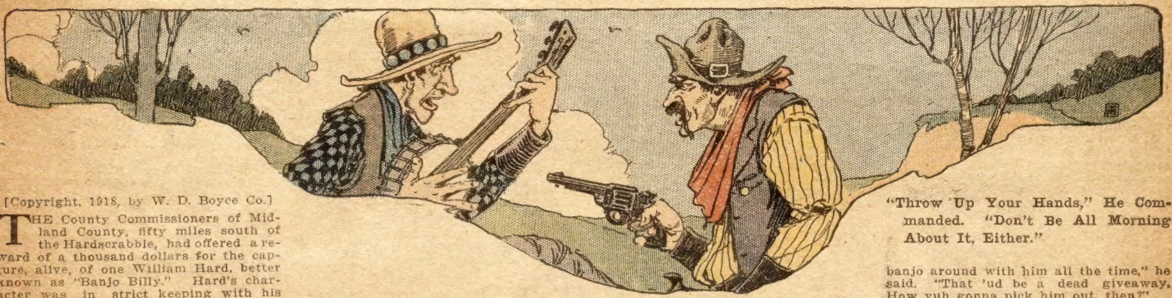
THE CAPTURE OF BANJO BILLY



"Throw Up Your Hands," He Commanded. "Don't Be All Morning About It, Either."

By Albert William Stone

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THE County Commissioners of Midland County, fifty miles south of the Hardscrabble, had offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the capture, alive, of one William Hard, better known as "Banjo Billy." Hard's character was in strict keeping with his name, according to current reports; and he was known to have rustled more cattle on the Southern Colorado ranges than any other two men in a half century, and to have evaded seizure, thus far, with the skill of Satan himself.

The size of the reward induced John Kempton, the sheriff of Hardscrabble County, to send circulars all over his territory. One arrived at the J-Lazy-M by way of rural free delivery, and the Garfish learned of it thru his friend and mentor, Slim Baxter.

Slim held up the circular, exhibiting the alluring numerals of the reward.

"A thousand bucks 'ud come in handy, old timer," he remarked to the Garfish. Slim's remarks were ever casual, however pregnant with hidden meaning they might be.

The Garfish took [illegible] the circular and spelled out its contents.

"Banjo Billy," he commented. "Wonder what they calls him that fer?"

"'Cause he's nutty over a banjo," explained Slim promptly. Slim claimed to have read more of the history of Colorado than any other living contemporary. "They say he puts in all his time, between rustlin's, fingerin' his instrument."

The Garfish was interested, and asked for further particulars. Slim Baxter accommodated him.

"They say he's queer," he said. "Always wears a mask when he's workin' at night—an' that's th' time he does his deviltry, mostly. More'n once he's been seen an' chased; but he always gits away. Can't nobody tell what he looks like, 'cause his mask covers his face complete. Works alone."

The appearance of the circular created something of a sensation on the ranch. A thousand dollars reward for a cattle rustler was exceptionally large, current cow country fiction to the contrary notwithstanding. In two hours every member of the J-Lazy-M outfit was laying plans for the capture of the outlaw. And these plans were freely shunted back and forth in excited controversy.

Shorty Robinson was of the opinion that the fugitive would fly to the Hardscrabble country, following the publication of the reward. Pete Frost loudly declaimed that he undoubtedly would seek refuge in Hardscrabble canon, fifteen miles to the west, this forming the nearest entrance to the mysteries of the Greenhorn range. Con Henderson warned his companions to be on the lookout, since Banjo Billy would be almost certain to appear among them in the guise of a chuck-line rider, of whom there was ever a plentitude at this season of the year—between roundups.

By the end of the second day, every puncher on the ranch was on the lookout; and none more so than the Garfish. His round face was overcast with a mantle of mystery as he entered into a discussion with Slim Baxter, who lent an attentive ear.

"I gotta scheme that orter git this here Banjo Billy if he shows up around this country," the Garfish began. They were in the shadow of the big silo, a safe distance from the corral and the bunkhouse.

"Let's hear it," responded Slim.

"Well, it's like this." The Garfish invariably prefaced his revelations of intention thus. "It's a cinch that this maverick ain't gonna be seen daytimes with his mask, ain't it? I've got it doped out that he don't put in his time hidin' in no canyon, any more'n you do. He mingles with his feller men, 'cept when he's rustlin'."

Slim said it "looked reasonable."

"Shore it does. Well, there's jest one way we gotta git him." The Garfish waxed ultra-earnest, as he always did when he allowed his fervid imagination full sway.

"Rope every strange puncher we run acrost?"

"Naw! We'd be sued fer false arrest about every day, thataway." The Garfish looked his pity for the limited mental agility of his friend. "It takes me, Slim, to use my haid—savvy? Now, I got it doped out——"

He paused impressively, tapping his companion on the knee. "I got it doped out that this here Banjo Billy has jest one weak spot," he continued. "His banjo!"

But Slim was not impressed. "Four cow men out o' five think they kin play on th' banjo," he reminded. "Either a banjo or a guitar. How yuh gonna tell 'em from this here rustler? Remember, yuh ain't got no picter of him, an' th' description's mighty limited on th' circular."

"Banjo Billy ain't got his name fer nothin'," responded the Garfish with conviction. "Take it from me, he ain't like th' rest when it comes to playin'. He's prob'ly an expert; that's what he is."

He added that the problem of the outlaw's capture, therefore, resolved itself into a simple problem of elimination. The first time either of them should encounter a strange puncher who exhibited uncanny skill on the stringed instrument the thousand dollars reward would surely be in sight.

[illegible] Slim Baxter acknowledged, [illegible] liberation, that the deduction was plausible. But he offered one more objection. "This Banjo Billy ain't gonna carry his banjo around with him all the time," he said. "That 'ud be a dead giveaway. How yuh gonna pick him out, then?"

"Leave that to me," replied the Garfish confidently. "I got it all thought out. You'll see."

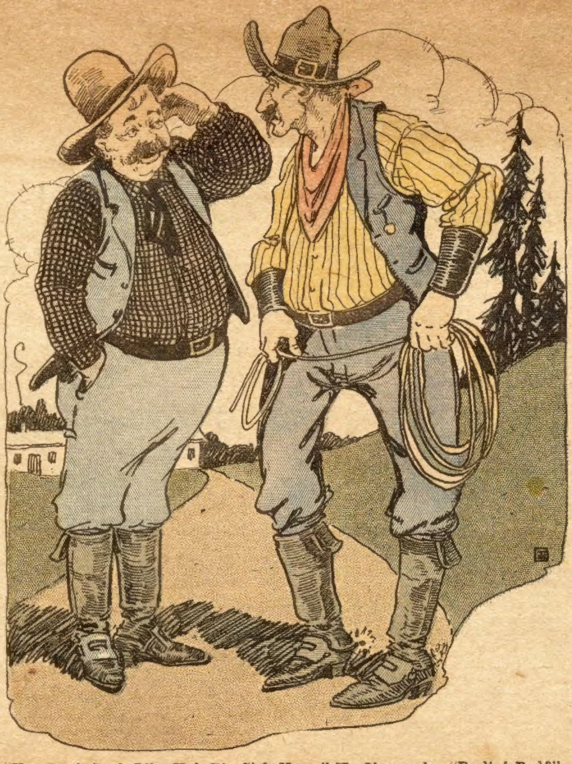
The next day the Garfish, obtaining leave of absence, rode into Lessen Valley and made a purchase. It was a second-hand banjo. When the others of the outfit caught sight of it, they greeted him with whoops of joy.

"He's goin' after that thousand bucks reward!" shouted Shorty Robinson, winking at his companions. "Gonna put out th' banjo as bait, Garfish?"

However, as was usual with him when he was staging one of his innumerable plots, the Garfish maintained a dignified silence. He strode into the bunkhouse and placed the instrument tenderly in his bunk.

"Any gent in this here outfit what touches it will have to make explanations to me," he announced ominously, facing the ribald group. "I reckon if I wanna [illegible] music, that's my own [illegible]."

Whereat they howled in glee. They did not bother the banjo, however, for the Garfish usually made good his belligerent threats, and the others had more respect for his fist than they did for his brain power. They withdrew and straightway fell to plotting. So far as the fate of Banjo Billy was concerned, it was safe with the members of the J-Lazy-M, except as it might be linked up with the downfall of Garfish. He had cast down the gauntlet before them. They would take it up, as they invariably did.



"You Don't Look Like Yuh Bin Sick None," He Observed. "Feelin' Bad?"

The Garfish confided more of his plan to Slim Baxter. "I carries this banjo around with me wherever I goes," he explained. "'Specially when I'm ridin' fence, or herd, or by my lonesome. 'Taint gonna do no harm if I practice a little; 'n if I learn to be a musician I don't need to bother none if I never git that thousand dollars. Reckon I kin make that much money every month or so with a banjo."

Slim Baxter rarely smiled, and then almost never in the presence of any other human. He maintained incredible gravity of countenance now.

"An' if this here Banjo Billy happens around he's shore gonna ask me if I kin let him borrow it fer a few minutes," continued the Garfish triumphantly. "'Course I lets him have it, an' of course he plays. Th' rest is easy," he added. "If he plays like any ordinary gent, I knows it ain't Banjo Billy. If he plays like an expert——"

He waved his hands expressively, and winked. Slim Baxter rose, yawning. "Sounds all right," he admitted.

"Yuh jest bet it IS all right, too," averred the proud Garfish. "If Banjo Billy comes to th' Hardscrabble, he's headed straight for Canon City. I got his dawgonned number!"

Thereafter, the Garfish never rode abroad but that the banjo was draped over his shoulder. Had he been less centered upon his plan for the big capture, he might have taken note of the unprecedented quietude of his working companions. Their scorn of his sudden interest in things musical had apparently subsided as quickly as it had arisen; and when a cow puncher leaves off making fun, he does not ordinarily do it abruptly. He "tapers" off, like a wise imbiber of spirituous liquors.

Mysterious conferences between the other members of the outfit came to a climax, one evening, with the unheralded arrival of a long-legged individual who came as one who bears in his bosom an invitation, and is therefore sure of his welcome.

He listened to what they had to say, and grinned in full fraternal approval. Moreover, he promised his cooperation; which was precisely what he had been invited to the J-Lazy-M for.

"All yuh gotta do is to be ridin' acrost th' range when yuh meets up with this here Garfish," recapitulated Shorty Robinson. "Yuh see's his banjo, an' asks him if yuh kin borrow it fer a minute. When yuh gits your clutches on it——"

Shorty continued in this strain for several minutes. The stranger nodded his head.

"I shore understands," he agreed. It might have been noted that the ends of his fingers bore thick callouses, and that they were of a considerable slimness despite the marks of the rope and branding iron. "An' after he captures me——"

"Yuh rides before him to Lossen Valley," finished Pete Frost with a Satanic chuckle. "There'll shore be an audience when th' blowoff comes. Th' sheriff'll be in on it."

Carefully rehearsed in his part, the elongated stranger rode off early the next morning toward the western end of the J-Lazy-M's boundaries, in the meantime having been kept out of sight of the ambitious and resourceful Garfish.

It is in the nighttime that ranch fences in the cattle country must be the most carefully guarded. Western cattle are peculiarly contrary. During the daylight hours they seldom exhibit anything but the most blameless rectitude, showing no more interest in a neighboring field than if it did not exist.

But at night, when the stars shine with the wonderful brilliance observed only in the Western world, and the coyotes howl because there are no other sounds to interfere with slumber, there are always certain irresponsible members of any herd which, if unwatched, will explore the boundary fences for signs of weakness. Once found, woe to the fence!

Hence, certain members of any cow outfit are told off, at intervals to "ride fence." Few of the punchers are partial to the task. The life of a cow man is a hard one at best; but riding fence, or riding herd during a roundup, is considered the hardest of all. The solitude, the occasional rain with the "slicker" and rubber "poncho" the only protection, and the mournful howl of the coyotes constitute three eloquent reasons why most herds would go unguarded if the mere hirelings had their way.

The curiosity of the owner of the J-Lazy-M, therefore, was aroused by the sudden eagerness of the Garfish to volunteer for night duty. Never before had the Garfish exhibited abnormal inclination for work of any kind. The boss had not been made a confident concerning the Garfish's ambitions to capture cattle rustlers; and no rustling had yet been reported on the Hardscrabble.

"I ain't got no objection," he replied, when the Garfish asked to be allowed to ride fence for a straight week. "But I admit I'm curious. What's got into yuh all of a sudden?"

"Wh—I got an idea th' night air'll do me good," explained the Garfish.

The boss made cursory inspection of the other's brick red countenance. "Yuh don't look like yuh been sick none," he observed. "Feelin' bad?"

"Not exactly. But"—the Garfish tapped himself mysteriously on the chest. "Th' doctor says I gotta be careful."

"What doctor?"

Whereat the Garfish became confused, and mumbled something which the boss could not catch. He removed himself from the boss' immediate proximity with suspicious alacrity.

As for the Garfish's bunkhouse companions, they betrayed no concern at his sudden partiality for fence riding. Had he been less wrapped up in his plutocratic plans he might have marveled at their lack of solicitude.

It was the morning of his third night of self-imposed duty—the same morning that the mysterious elongated stranger departed from the bunkhouse, in fact—that the first act in the comedy began. The Garfish was riding slowly along the barbed-wire fence, gazing sleepily at the marvel of sunrise just beginning. The banjo was slung over his shoulder; several times, in the preceding nights, he had experimented on the strings, but had made no appreciable progress toward musical perfection.

A quarter of a mile away three coyotes, bush tails hanging, and sharp snouts pointed furtively over their shoulders, were scuttling westward in the path of the sun's rays. The sage brush added to the eerie effect with its gray plentitude. The Garfish was too familiar with the scene, however, to revel in it. He yawned sleepily, and rolled himself a morning cigarette.

Suddenly, as he topped a rise and headed into a gully, he brought up short at the sight of another early morning rider. The man was tall and a stranger. At sight of the Garfish, he gave a violent start; then he grinned companionably.

"Mornin'," he observed. The Garfish saw that his face was seamed with a thousand tiny wrinkles, and that his eyes were a cold, steel gray. "Got any makin's?"

The Garfish tossed him paper and tobacco sack. His heart was thumping. The other man caught them deftly, and, after pouring out the tobacco into one of the papers, proceeded to roll his cigarette with one hand—a feat seldom duplicated in the cow country these days.

"I'm ridin' chuck line," the stranger volunteered as he tossed the smoking materials back to the owner. "Tell me where th' Blatcher outfit is?"

The Garfish pointed to the south.

"Eight miles that way," he replied. "Yuh'll find gates in th' fences, all th' way."

"Much o'bliged."

The Garfish, remembering his plan, shifted the banjo so that the other could not help see it. The effect was instantaneous.

"Play that thing?"

"Why, not extry." The Garfish told the truth, for once in his life. "I ain't had it but a short while, yuh see. Jest practicin'."

"I see."

It was easy to perceive that the tall stranger was itching to get his hands on his instrument. The Garfish, whose powers of perception were momentarily taking on greater keenness, noticed that the other's fingers were long and supple. He thought he detected signs of callouses on the finger tips. His inner excitement increased.

"Play any, yourself?" He unslung the banjo and held it up invitingly. "Breakfast over at Blatcher's won't be ready for an hour, yet. Yuh got plenty o' time."

The stranger spurred his cayuse up the side of the gully, and pulled up beside the Garfish, who noted that he carried two big revolvers at his hip. Revolvers in the modern cow country are seldom seen; their possession by this lone horseman branded him as a suspicious character, to say the least.

"Hand it over," he commanded, his eagerness thinly veiled under an assumption of careless interest. "Might see what I kin do with it. Ain't played one for a couple o' years."

His long fingers thrummed the strings with patently pretended clumsiness. Several times he purposely made discords, as the Garfish could see. Then, throwing caution to the winds, he struck into a rollicking dance tune, his fingers flying over the fret board like magic.

It was enough. The Garfish suddenly pulled his own revolver, also purchased in Lossen Valley as a part of his equipment, and covered the astounded musician.

"Throw up yore hands," he commanded. "Don't be all mornin' about it, neither!"

An ugly line appeared between the stranger's steel gray eyes. His hands went up reluctantly.

"Jest make a move toward them guns, an' you'll pull 'em in hell," the Garfish told him, his hand shaking somewhat in his excitement. The Garfish was new to this kind of hold-up game. "Keep 'em up."

The stranger kept them up, while his captor relieved him of the heavy guns. They were loaded with shells of unbelievably large caliber. The Garfish shoved them in his own belt, using his left hand.

"Now, then, it's yore move," he continued. "Turn yore bronc around an' ride down to that gate. When yuh git there, you'll open it. I ain't feelin' very well this morning. An', remember, no monkey shines!"

The stranger dropped his hands to his bridle rein and jerked savagely, causing his horse to rear. With obviously superb horsemanship he wheeled the animal around and guided it down the fence toward the gate.

"I'd advise yuh to keep an eye on me, old timer," he spat venomously over his shoulder.

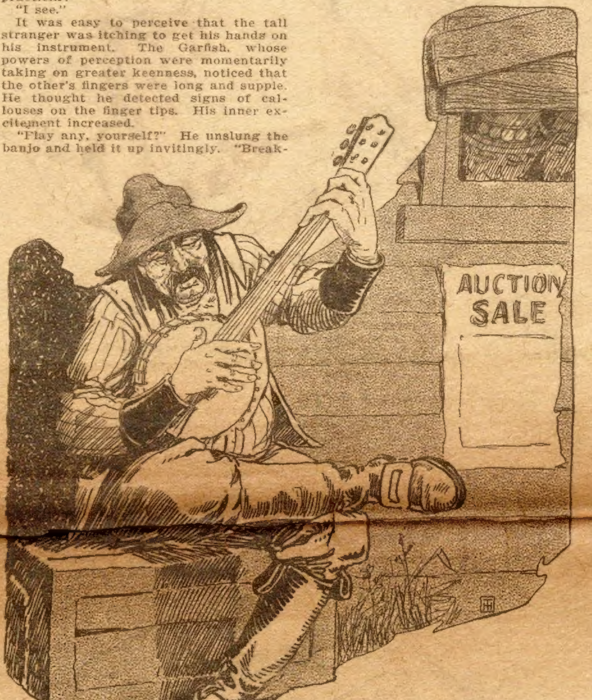
"Don't worry none," responded the Garfish. "I've got some faults, but blindness ain't one o' them."

There were three gates to be opened and shut between the place of the stranger's capture and the J-Lazy-M ranch house. At each one the captive was forced to dismount and attend to the formality. The Garfish could see that he gritted his teeth.

"Ain't used to workin' like this I reckon," he remarked once, with a sneer.

"Well, 'fore I'm thru with yuh maybe you'll be doin' harder work yet!"

As they approached the ranch house, the captive settled into sullen silence. Several times he turned his head furtively, but failed to catch the Garfish napping. The revolver was trained on him with the precision that comes from long contemplation of a thousand dollar reward.



He Had Experimented on the Strings, but Had Made No Appreciable Progress.

The Garfish had thought to exhibit his prisoner to the other members of the outfit. On second thought, however, he decided to ride straight thru to Lossen Valley. His fingers itched to feel the thousand dollars he felt sure was almost within his grasp.

He had scarcely negotiated the ranch yard, as it happened, when Shorty Robinson came yawning out of the bunkhouse. At the same instant the breakfast bell pealed forth. Shorty caught sight of the pair, just disappearing down the road toward Lossen Valley. Then he yelled to his companions.

They tumbled out, and gazed at the cloud of dust.

"He's got him," Shorty informed them, choking with laughter.

They yelled their elation, and prepared to ride into Lossen Valley after the pair. Breakfast, for the nonce, was forgotten.

"Dawggone his fool hide, I thought he'd stop over till he had his grub," grumbled Pete Frost.

"Too anxious," responded Con Henderson, as he expertly roped his horse and threw the saddle on its back. "This'll beat breakfast, anyhow. I wanna be there when he drives 'Banjo Billy' up to th' sheriff's shack. Oh, boy—won't there be some fireworks?"

Pete Frost hurried to the ranch house and secured permission to use the telephone. He called up the sheriff, and got that worthy out of bed.

"He's comin'!" he shouted into the transmitter. "Got his man ridin' in front of him, jest like a movin' pic'ter actor. He'll be there in an hour."

The sheriff yawned; then chuckled. "I'll be waitin' fer him," he said. "Rest of yuh comin'?"

"Are we?" Pete's tone was exultant. "Jest watch us, sheriff! This here Garfish is in fer the dawggondest audience he ever had. We'll be there—with bells on."

Five minutes later the entire personnel of the J-Lazy-M, except the boss and his family—and the cook—were in the saddle, and galloping townward. The boss was awakened by the thunder of hoofs past his window, and groaned audibly. He knew that there would be no work done on the ranch that day. Possibly not for several days.

On the way, several expedients for adding to the Garfish's humiliation were discussed. It was safe to predict that all would be carried out, together with others of extemporaneous origin. Opportunities for enjoyment in the cow country are strictly periodical, to say the least. A chance like this was not to be overlooked in any particular.

"A thousand dollars reward!" shouted Shorty Robinson for the tenth time. "Will we help th' galoot spend it?"

They acclaimed, noisily, that they would. And then they put the spurs more recklessly to their mounts with that abandon characteristic of cow men on a holiday.

They came in sight of Lossen Valley's dingy collection of houses before Pete Frost suddenly thought of something. With a yell he reined in his horse, bringing the animal to indignant haunches.

"Hold on!" he shouted. The others plunged around him, their faces inquiring. "We orter 've passed them two long before this, fellers. Where d'yuh rackon they went? It's a cinch they ain't been ridin' as fast as we have."

It was true. The pursuers grouped themselves closely and discussed it.

"But they ain't no place they could have turned off," reminded Con Henderson.

"Unless it was down at th' draw," recalled Pete Frost. "They might have got in behind them cottonwoods."

But the others cried him down.

"What 'ud th' galoot wanna do that fer?" Slim Baxter wanted to know. "I know th' Garfish. He won't stop till he's plumb in town."

They decided that the two men must have had a longer start than they had calculated upon, and continued their flight into the county seat. Fifteen minutes later they pulled up in front of the sheriff's office, without having caught sight of their quarry.

As a matter of fact, the Garfish and his prisoner had turned in behind the cottonwoods at the draw, even as guessed by Pete Frost. The roar of hoofs behind them was responsible. They were just in time. The next instant the mounted cow boys galloped past, their bodies lying low along their horses' backs, and their spurs active. In a moment they were lost in a cloud of dust.

The Garfish turned suspiciously to his captive. "What's yore name?" he demanded.

"Ask yourself!" retorted the elongated stranger. He still held the banjo, having by some instinct failed to drop it when ordered so summarily to throw up his hands. "Yuh seem to think yuh know."

The Garfish thought he detected a fleeting twinkle in the other's gray eyes. Or it might have been the glint of the morning sun.

The Garfish transferred his suspicious gaze to the stranger's long, supple-looking fingers. "Where'd yuh learn to pick th' banjo?" he demanded.

The other yawned. He had completely recovered his equilibrium. "Son," he drawled, "I was born on a banjo. I nursed one 'fore I ever drank milk—savvy? Down where I come from——"

"Where was that?"

"In Texas. Th' puncher what can't play a banjo down there ain't regarded as a real cow man. Why?"

The Garfish lowered his revolver; then raised it quickly as the other made a movement.

"Jest stay where you're at," he commanded. "I'm beginnin' to take a tumble to this here game, tho." He scowled angrily. "Them coyotes that jest went by has went too far," he continued. "They think they've put one over on me; but they ain't."

"What yuh talkin' about?" inquired the captive, innocently.

"Never mind what I'm talkin' about," retorted the Garfish. With his free hand he began to untie the rope from his saddle. "I'm gonna take yuh into Lossen Valley in style—savvy?" He tossed the loop over the other's shoulders and jerked it tight. Then he began to wind the rope around and around the stranger's long body, binding his arms tight to his side. "I reckon I won't be th' only one to have th' hawse-laugh on. We'll be a pair."

They proceeded on their journey. The Garfish relieved himself of his wrath as rapidly as it accumulated. His language was picturesque at times.

"There never was a puncher yet that had any sense," he said witheringly. "I kin take a joke as well as th' next gent; but I'll be durned if I like stuff as raw as this."

"If yuh think it's a joke, why don't

yuh turn me loose," suggested the captive.

"Yeh! Turn yuh loose!" The Garfish was sarcastic by now. "An' have th' pleasure o' takin' all th' roastin' myself, huh? Not if I know myself, I won't. You're gonna ride right into town with me—savvy? An' right up to th' sheriff's office. I reckon most folks'll be up by th' time we git there. If they're lookin' fer somethin' to laugh at, we'll give it to 'em. See?"

The captive said he'd be "dawggoned" if he did; but his disavowal made no impression on the outraged Garfish. The last three miles of the ride he rehearsed the speech he would make to John Kempton, the sheriff.

"I reckon th' laugh'll be on th' other foot," he hinted darkly. "If th' photographer's out o' bed, we'll invite him to take a pic'ter of us. Maybe people won't buy them pic'ters!" He laughed bitterly. "An' maybe th' Hardscrabble News won't print th' story of how th' J-Lazy-M outfit played a joke on me!"

The captive looked uneasy. "See here!" he begged. "There ain't no need o' windin' me up in this here rope, is there? Yuh gotta gun, 'n' I aint. What's th' use——"

"I s'pose it'll hurt your feelin's," scorned the captor. "Well, yuh was fixin' to hurt mine, wasn't yuh? Shut up. In a minute I'll begin to git mad; an' then I won't be responsible fer what happens to yuh."

As they rode down the main street of Lossen Valley they beheld the rabble of cowboys in front of John Kempton's office, located adjacent to the adobe court house.

At the same instant, the cowboys caught sight of them. Shorty Robinson started a yell; but Slim Baxter cut him short.

"Are yuh crazy?" he demanded. "Let 'im come, with his prisoner. Th' time to yell'll be when the blowoff comes. Wait till he holds out his hand fer that thousand plunks."

They restrained themselves with difficulty. When the Garfish and his prisoner finally rode up they presented faces unmarked by unseemly mirth. A close observer, however, could have seen that there were volcanic fires of leashed risability under the surface. They trusted to luck that the Garfish would be too confused by their appearance in town to deduce the reason.

John Kempton stepped out on the little porch of his shack, according to prearrangement. He was a big man, with a generous abdomen. His hair was rumpled from the night's repose. He eyed Garfish and his prisoner, while he fished in his vest pocket for his spectacle case. The sheriff was an elderly individual, who had been elected to office more because of his political strength than because of his eligibility.

"What's goin' on here?" he inquired, as he unsnapped the case and drew forth the spectacles. "A carnival?"

"I gotta a prisoner here, sheriff," the Garfish made answer. "It's a coyote what's tryin' to pass hisself off as Banjo Billy Hard, th' cattle rustler. He ain't no more Banjo Billy than you be; but he wants me to think he is."

The Garfish glared about at the faces

(Continued on Page 20.)

SAND---OF TWO KINDS

"I'VE lived on this land the biggest part of my life," grumbled Mr. Whitcomb, "and what have I got to show for it? It is growing worse every year, if anything. I thought 'twould be different after you went to the farming college, but what you got out of books don't seem to help it any."

"Blame the farm, father, don't blame the books. This soil is hardly good enough for pasturage. That sand hill lot is worse than nothing. You can't expect science to do it all—there must be something to start with."

"But other farms have been brought back into shape again. They say there's a way to make 'em over when they're all run down," persisted Mr. Whitcomb.

"To make them over, yes, but not to make them. This place isn't run down—there never was anything here to run down. It was worthless in the beginning."

"Then you think I'd ought to sell it and buy another?"

"You couldn't do it. What you could get for it wouldn't buy another—one that you would want, I mean. Good farms are high these days."

"When are you going away?"

"In about a month," replied the younger man.

There had been a position waiting for Don Whitcomb at the end of his course in college. It was a good position, too, and he felt confident there were better things ahead of him.

The old people had never taken very kindly to his ideas concerning scientific farming. It was only after long-continued argument that they ceased to oppose his plans.

Mr. Whitcomb was unusually silent at the supper table that evening. Don noticed something in his face that he had never seen before. It was the expression a man wears when he is about to give up the fight.

The following morning Mrs. Whitcomb appeared in Don's room at an early hour. "You'll have to see to things today," she said. "Your father is sick."

A week passed—two weeks—the third one began to unfold itself drearily. It found Mr. Whitcomb still in bed.

"Physically, he's all right as far as I can see," the doctor had told them. "He's just lost his grip, that's all. Keep him quiet and try to encourage him all you can."

"You mean that medicine won't do him any good?" asked Don.

"Not a particle. You can't bring back a man's will power with medicine."

"And if we keep him quiet—what then?"

"It's impossible to say. It may bring him out of it. I hope so. Tell him all the good news you can. That's the kind of tonic he needs.

Good news, however, seemed to be hard to obtain. Don gave all his spare time to a study of the old farm in the hope of discovering a way to improve it.

One day he came home with a letter. He handed it to his mother without a word.

"They want to know when you are coming," she said.

"Yes."

"What are you going to tell them?"

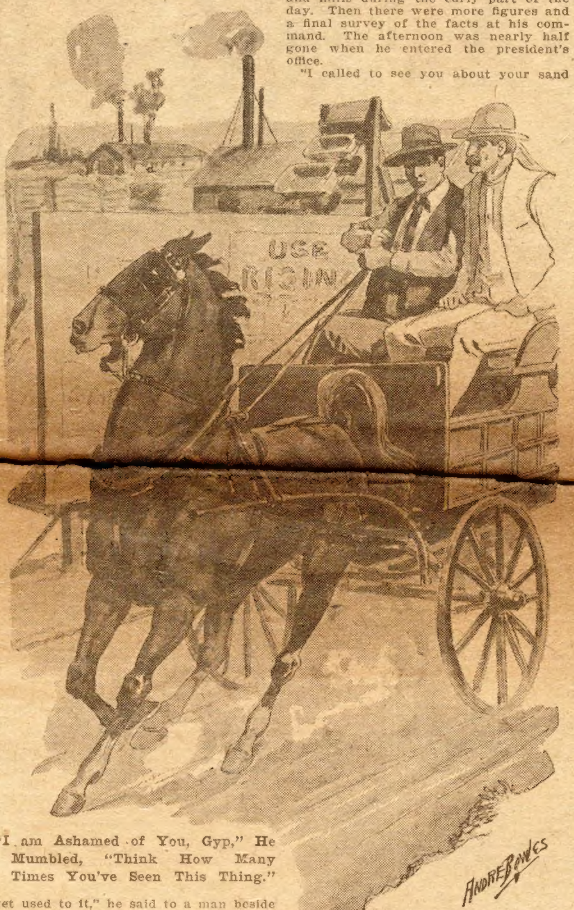
"I don't know."

That afternoon he drove to Welden for the weekly supply of groceries. Welden was a town built around the marble quarries. Indeed, it seemed that the people there could see or talk about nothing but marble. It was piled on all sides of them—tons of it—in an inconceivable variety of shapes and sizes.

Nevertheless, Don made his way to the store without once giving a thought to the marble industry. He gave his attention to another question. How could he bring prosperity to the Whitcomb homestead? What promise of good fortune could he carry back with him?

As he set out to return home, the horse began to dance at sight of the tramway, with its moving chain of buckets.

"I'm ashamed of you, Gyp," he mumbled. "Think how many times you've seen this thing. Strange how they never get used to it," he said to a man beside the road.



"I am Ashamed of You, Gyp," He Mumbled, "Think How Many Times You've Seen This Thing."

"It won't scare horses a great while longer. That's one sure thing."

"Why?"

"Because there won't be anything to run it for. This sand can't hold out more than two years at the most. It's getting poor now."

"What'll they do then?"

"That's what I should like to know," returned the man. "It's hard stuff to pick up when you want it."

"Hard stuff to find, is it?" mused Don as he drove away. "Well, there's plenty of it up our way—too much of it. The whole thing is for sale, too," he exclaimed, glancing up the hill in the direction of the Whitcomb farm. "I wonder if I could get them interested. It might be brought down, but—would it pay?"

Late that night Mrs. Whitcomb went upstairs to see if her son had fallen asleep and had left his lamp burning. She found him sitting at a table, bending over a maze of figures.

"What are you doing up so late?" she asked.

"I'm trying to find a way to build up the farm," came the evasive reply.

Daybreak found him ready for a second trip to Welden. In order to gain added information, he visited the shops and mills during the early part of the day. Then there were more figures and a final survey of the facts at his command. The afternoon was nearly half gone when he entered the president's office.

"I called to see you about your sand supply," he said, as Mr. Gordon turned in his chair.

"What's the matter with it?" The president thought there must be something wrong with the tramway.

"It's running out, isn't it? What you have in sight will soon be exhausted. I have two or three million tons of it for sale, if you would care to consider the matter."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Gordon. There was the suggestion of a smile on his face.

"Up on our farm."

"You mean that sand hill?" The smile became plainly visible. "Will you deliver it?"

"No, but you could extend the tramway. It's in almost a direct line up over the hill."

"How far is it?"

"A little over two miles."

"Do you realize what such an undertaking would cost?"

"I suppose it would mean a lot of money," admitted Don, "but what better can you do? You can't get along without sand. It's what gives power to your saws and life to your rubbing beds. That tramway would bring it here at the rate of 400 tons per day. Our thirty-acre lot would keep you supplied for fifteen years at least—probably longer."

"How do you know it's all sand?"

"I've tramped over it and dug into it too many times to allow of any doubt."

"And how about the price?"

"Two hundred dollars an acre."

"Six thousand dollars!" ejaculated the president. "I shouldn't consider your whole farm to be worth more than half that amount."

"Perhaps not as a farm, but how about the value of the sand? Wouldn't you be getting it at a pretty low price?"

"So you believe in taking advantage of us because we must have it."

"I don't look at it in that way, Mr. Gordon. When you get a block of marble from the quarry that is badly cracked, and of no use whatever as marble, you put it thru the crusher and find a market for it as crushed stone. I'm trying to apply that same principle to our farm."

"There may be something in the scheme," continued the president, apparently unaware that any one had been speaking. "I am not prepared to say at present. I should want to have our engineers look into it. Perhaps you may hear from me later."

Don left the office without having obtained any tangible assurance of success. There was nothing to do but wait for a communication from the company.

But the days traveled by without bringing any word. The engineers had come and gone, leaving nothing to sustain the hope which their arrival had enkindled. There was only silence and uncertainty. It lacked only three days of the time when Don was to have begun his new work.

On the eighth morning, however, the tension was relieved by a call at the door, and a thin, impressive-looking envelope was ushered in. Don scanned the contents excitedly. Then, thrusting it into his pocket, he swung open the door of his father's room.

"Do you want to sell the thirty-acre lot?" he said.

"The sand hill?" There was skepticism in the voice. "Who'd ever want to buy that?"

"The Welden Marble Company will buy it. They'll give you $5,000 for it."

Mr. Whitcomb turned about uneasily. "Don't bother me—I don't feel like joking."

Slipping up behind him, Don held the open letter where the old man could read it. As the import of the message became clear, the bent shoulders seemed to straighten and regain a portion of their lost strength.

"Five thousand dollars for sand!" he exclaimed.

"They need it for their mills, and they're going to build a tramway over the hill. I'll give you the details later. Will you sell?"

"Will I? Why, boy, that money would put me on my feet again. Did you bring all this about?"

"I found out they were getting short and went to see them about it. They did the rest," replied Don.

"I was wrong about the farming college," Mr. Whitcomb went on.

"This shows how good an investment it was. I never should have thought of this thing, and if I had, I couldn't have followed it up as you've done. When did you say you expected to go away?"

"They told me to report tomorrow. Do you think you can get along without me now? What are you going to do with the money?"

"I don't know, I haven't been able to think yet."

"You'd better sell out here and buy a farm that's good for something," urged Don.

"It seems as tho your mother and I are pretty old to start out alone," came the faltering reply.

"How would it be if I went along, too?"

"And gave up your position?"

"Yes."

Mr. Whitcomb attempted to speak—he struggled resolutely for the control of his wavering voice. Failing in that, he reached out his hand, and the younger man grasped it in silence.

Second Installment of

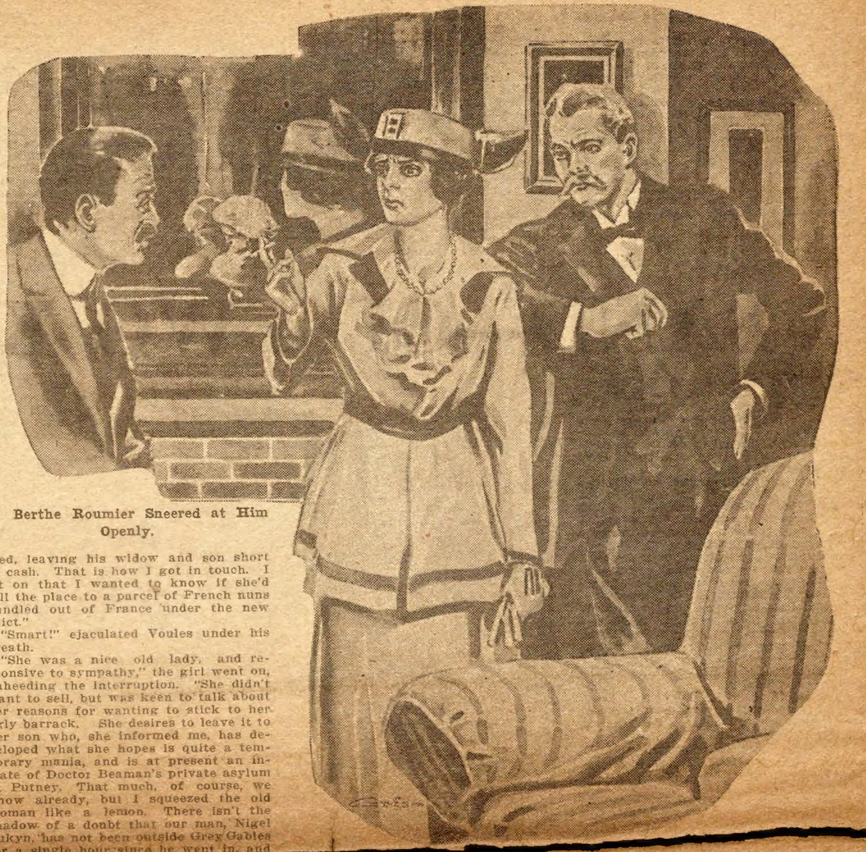
The Avengers

By Headon Hill

What the Story Is About.

MARION FERMOR, an heiress, determines to release her fiance, Nigel Lukyn, from an insane asylum, believing him sane. For this purpose, thru Detective Quayne, she hires Leslie Armytage, his double, to take Lukyn's place. Armytage falls in love with Marion. While on his way to the asylum he is shot at. Then, when he is at the asylum, he discovers that Lukyn is really insane and means harm to Marion.

The story began in No. 48, the Ledger, dated Nov. 30. Back copies may be obtained from this office or from newsdealers and our agents.



Berthe Roumier Sneered at Him Openly.

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CHAPTER VI.

A COUNCIL OF THREE.

IN THE sitting-room of a handsome private suite at the Hotel Colossal in Northumberland avenue, two gentlemen were talking confidentially, yet with the air of not going fully into their subject because they were waiting for a third party to join in the discussion.

One was a loosely-jointed, large man, with a drooping fair mustache and faded blue eyes, whom his companion addressed as Voules. He was registered at the hotel bureau as Mr. Scorrier Voules, of Denver, U. S. A., tho the superficial observer would hardly have attributed American citizenship to one who lounged with such languid apathy in his easy chair.

The other man was in sharp contrast to his roommate. Short of stature, but powerfully and compactly built, he paced to and fro, and jerked out his words with a snappy vigor that betokened irritation at the other's lazy patience. At every second turn he whipped out his watch and consulted it. According to the hotel register, the energetic guest was Mr. Fayter Frayne, of Chicago, and as to his nationality there was no doubt whatever. The accent in which he bullied the waiters and worried the chambermaids was aggressively trans-Atlantic.

"She's overdue!" he fumed, tearing out his watch again. "Her train was due at Euston at 3:45. Ought to have been here five minutes back. I've never yearned for anything like I do for the yarn that girl has got to tell us."

"I shouldn't agitate myself," said the lazy man in the chair.

"Yes, but I shot to kill, and it ain't like me to miss a mark at fifteen paces," retorted Frayne hotly. "It would be the same with you, you coldblooded fish, if you had bungled your specialty. I'm mortal keen to know if I missed the wrong man or the right one. If Berthe has made no error I shall rejoice, for I want no innocent blood on my soul. But if she's been too clever I shall grant myself no pardon for losing such a chance because that cuss looked out of window as I drew trigger."

"Well, you'll soon be out of your misery, for here comes our valued colleague," said Voules as the door was opened by a bellboy, who announced: "Miss Berthe Roumier."

"I read the riddle aright!" she exclaimed, as soon as the bellboy had departed. "Lukyn has never left the asylum since he was sent there four months ago."

"By thunder, but that's a load off my chest!" cried Frayne.

Scorrier Voules chuckled and reared his lank form from the chair to shake hands with Miss Roumier. "Tell us all about it, little woman," he said, subsiding again. "Fayter is dying to know how he fetched us over on a wild-goose chase and so nearly shot the wrong man."

The girl was by way of being very much at home with these two, for she sat down opposite Voules and lighted a cigarette, which she took from a silver case.

"This is refreshing, after being a French nun for three days," she said, leaning back and smoking luxuriously. "Well, my friends and brothers, the story is a very brief one. To confirm my surmise I went down to Lukyn Hall in Northamptonshire, and by the aid of my ecclesiastical garb gained access to the mother of the man in whom we are so deeply interested. It is not, as we had supposed, an old family. Lady Lukyn is the widow of a city alderman, who named his amazingly hideous modern residence after himself and then died, leaving his widow and son short of cash. That is how I got in touch. I let on that I wanted to know if she'd sell the place to a parcel of French nuns bundled out of France under the new edict."

"Smart!" ejaculated Voules under his breath.

"She was a nice old lady, and responsive to sympathy," the girl went on, unheeding the interruption. "She didn't want to sell, but was keen to talk about her reasons for wanting to stick to her ugly barrack. She desires to leave it to her son who, she informed me, has developed what she hopes is quite a temporary mania, and is at present an inmate of Doctor Beaman's private asylum at Putney. That much, of course, we know already, but I squeezed the old woman like a lemon. There isn't the shadow of a doubt that our man, Nigel Lukyn, has not been outside Grey Gables for a single hour since he went in, and therefore couldn't have been the man Fayter saw in the Strand and later traced to Weybridge—to miss him so cleverly."

"It's a relief that I did miss him, as he was the wrong one," said the fierce little man with the heavy black mustache. "As you have done such a lot, Berthe, perhaps you can set me in a line with the right one."

Miss Roumier rather pointedly disregarded the outburst and glanced irritably at the sprawling Voules, who rose and propped himself against the mantelpiece. It was as if the tall man grudgingly obeyed the command of a superior officer.

"That's better," said the girl. "Try to look a little interested and intelligent."

"The lady in the garden at Weybridge was undoubtedly Miss Fermor, Lukyn's fiancee," said Voules. "It is, at least, to my credit that I ascertained that. Everything, in my judgment, seems to hinge upon her."

"And our subsequent inquiries show that the fellow who resembles Lukyn was taken to Grey Gables the same night," added Berthe. "Backed by my discovery that Lukyn has never been out of the asylum since he was first admitted, I think that I can claim that my theory was fully justified. Our initial error was due to a deep-laid scheme on the part of Miss Fermor to devise her lover's escape by providing a duplicate."

"What a naughty girl she must be," drawled Voules, gazing at his vacated chair as tho he was longing to sit down again. "I presume you mean that she has juggled a man resembling Lukyn into the asylum, who in due course is intended to juggle Lukyn out."

"I am glad that your mind is active today," Miss Roumier rallied him. "Yes, that is what I mean, and our course is clear. We must watch Miss Fermor night and day, so as to be ready for any move she may make. It will be a surer method than shadowing the asylum. Then, when she has pulled off her little trick I shall be able to unleash you two upon our quarry with no chance of another flash in the pan."

Mr. Fayter Frayne paused in his restless promenade to put the question: "You have not placed Vincent Smith, I guess—the galoot who spoiled my aim by squinting along my gun-barrel?"

"I have not, but I have not given up hopes," Berthe replied decidedly. "I confess that that man causes me uneasiness, for I suspect him of being the chief engineer of this clever young lady's plot. He has covered up his traces completely, and those of all his servants as well. I expect, however, to be able to locate him shortly, when I have carried out a project which I have in view."

"Is it permitted to dense male creatures to be enlightened as to that project?" Voules made languid inquiry.

"I intend to take a small flat in the Grandison Mansions, where Miss Fermor resides," Berthe replied. "This so-called 'Vincent Smith' is sure to be in close touch with her, and I shall have lost my skill if I fail to put my finger on him before it is time for us to act. I shall also be able to launch you executives the moment this bright Marion starts out to meet Nigel Lukyn, for I cannot think that she will give him sanctuary at her flat till after marriage."

"I shan't miss him the next time you put me within range," snapped the fiery Frayne, his heavy black mustache bristling.

Berthe Roumier sneered at him openly. "I am beginning to think that fire-arms are clumsy weapons," she said, rising and flinging her cigarette stump into the empty grate. "I shall try and work it so as to let Scorrier Voules go thru his parlor tricks next time. A lazy man is sometimes more effective than a firebrand, but there's not a whole street of folly between the pair of you. The chief might have sent me brainier colleagues."

She glanced in the mirror over the mantelpiece, tucked in a stray curl and walked to the door, where she turned and faced them, her hand on the knob. Her caustic manner had fled away; her expressive Gallic face was all tearful entreaty.

'You mustn't mind me; I have got such a lot to do and think of," she cooed pleadingly. "No one knows better than Berthe Roumier how stanch you are to the cause we have at heart—how deadly you will prove, each in your own line, against the treacherous hound we were sent to kill. You must bear with me, my brothers, if my tongue runs away with me sometimes."

With which she turned and was gone.

"Little spitfire, but true as steel, and worth the two of us," Fayter Frayne growled with reluctant admiration.

"The two of us!" Voules echoed scornfully, with unwonted energy. "There are twenty thousand men in our organization, and she's worth the lot. Boss Mulliner knew what he was about when he delegated that dainty feminine morsel to lead us."

CHAPTER VII.

BADGER IN A NEW PHASE.

MARION FERMOR'S flat in the great "mansions" was one of the most modest homes in London, appraised in comparison with the wealth of the owner. Till the fateful day when she met and plighted herself to Nigel Lukyn, she had laughed all suitors out of court, vowing that the ideal existence was that of the "bachelor girl" with plenty of money.

When she desired a quiet spell she had her riverside cottage at Maidenhead or her 800-ton steam yacht at Cowes to repair to; but the greater part of the year found her at the comfortable flat, where three maids and a page sufficed to wait upon her, where that least dragon-like of chaperons, Aunt Jane, played propriety, and where she was in touch with the innocent delights of the great city.

One night, three weeks after Leslie Armytage's departure for the asylum, Marion alighted from a hansom at the big outer door of the Mansions at a little before midnight. She had been to a theater, and afterwards had looked in for a quarter of an hour at a women's club in Regent street.

As she passed into the great hall a lady who had preceded her thru the swing doors was crossing towards the elevator opposite, where the uniformed boy in charge stood in readiness. Marion quickened her pace, hoping to ascend at the same time, but to her annoyance the boy started before she could reach the lift. She turned and vented her anger on the hall porter, who had watched the occurrence from his glass cage.

"It's a new boy, miss," said the man apologetically. "Only came on this afternoon, and ain't got used to his duties yet. I'll give him a bit of a dressing-down, tho I expect he'll be all right in a day or two. Seems sharp enough, the impertinent young imp."

Marion, mollified, begged the porter not to be hard on the culprit. Then, to pass the time till the elevator descended rather than from curiosity, she inquired who was the lady who had gone up.

"I thought I knew all the residents by sight," she added, "but this one, if she belongs to the Mansions, was strange to me. Tho it is true I only saw her back."

"She is new, too, miss—came in two days ago only; to one of the smaller flats on the floor above yours. Mrs. Molyneux, the name is," replied the porter.

The elevator shot into view, and Marion, nodding good-night to her informant, crossed the hall and entered the softly-cushioned cage. For the moment, the boy, busy with the mechanism, had his back to her, but as the elevator began to rise he turned and disclosed the chubby and beaming countenance of Billy Badger.

"Why, Billy!" Marion exclaimed.

"What on earth are you doing here? That was a nice way to treat an old friend—to leave me planted there in the hall. But perhaps you didn't see me."

Badger beamed broader still. "Yes I did. Did it a-purpose to prevent your recognizing of me afore her," he replied with an upward jerk of his arm to the unseen floors above. "Don't you make no error, miss, I haven't left Mr. Quayne, and I ain't going to. I'm here on the professional lay—doing 'tec work for him."

"How very clever of you, and how very interesting," said Marion. And then with a happy intuition she added: "As you didn't want me to recognize you, I suppose the lady you took up is the person you have got to keep those sharp gray eyes of yours on, eh, Billy?"

"Ah! that would be telling, and John Quayne's fellers don't give his business away—leastwise, this one don't, even to you, miss," said Badger with an air of importance that made Marion laugh. She knew that the famous detective had an extensive practice, and she did not connect Badger's presence at Grandison Mansions in the guise of a lift-boy with her own affairs. She regarded the meeting as a pleasant coincidence, for Badger had always amused and interested her.

Tho the boy had purposely driven the elevator slowly, the short journey to the first floor was already at an end, and Marion stepped out on to the landing. "Well, good-night, Billy," she said, "I don't want to pry into your secrets. But I hope that they are all well at home—Granny, and Uncle Tom, and Sister Sue?"

Badger was evidently not the Badger of old, for he had grown rude suddenly. Standing at the entrance of the cage, he hardly looked at her, his gaze slanting upwards over her shoulder. Then he uttered something inarticulate, and with a quick jerk of his wrist swung himself and the elevator down the well—out of sight, and without reply, save a queer facial contortion.

Marion was turning away with a smile for the boy's unintelligible antics, when the sensation that human eyes were watching her drew her glance in the same direction to which Badger had looked—to the balustrade of the landing of the floor above. Leaning over and peering down at her was the lady who had forestalled her in the use of the lift. Marion recognized her by her cream satin dress and by the fleecy cloud which she wore over her dark hair. The face, too, hitherto unseen that night, seemed familiar, but it was withdrawn before Marion could connect it with any previous experience.

"Really the Mansions are becoming a veritable cave of mystery," she murmured as she tripped along the corridor to the door of her flat. Opening it with her latch-key, she passed on into the drawing-room, where a pretty, pink and white old lady in a priceless lace shawl and cap, was nodding sleepily over a book.

"Why, how naughty of you, Aunt Jane," cried the girl. "I had no idea you were going to break our compact by sitting up for me, or I should have come straight home from Wyndham's instead of popping into the club for a chat with Gwen Paget."

The old lady laid aside her book and suddenly became very wide awake indeed. "I had no notion myself of sitting up for you when you went out, my dear," she said. "I transgressed because I have something to tell you before I go to bed—something that will probably make you laugh at me."

"What is it, aunty?" asked Marion, eying her curiously. For it was not her chaperon's way to make mountains out of molehills.

"A strange thing happened this evening," the old lady replied, shaking her head at the reminiscence. "About half an hour after you had started for the theater, while I was indulging in an after-dinner snooze in this room and on this sofa, your maid Crispin came in and said that a Mr. Percy had called with a message for 'my niece.' As you were out, and it might be important, I told Crispin to show him in, and a lankier, lazier gawk, albeit a gentleman, I never clapped eyes on. He just sank into that armchair and fixed me with his faded eyes, stroking his long fair mustache.

"'I am sorry that your niece is not at home, madam,' he began, 'but if you are in her confidence there will be no harm done. I am the representative of the clever individual who is superintending her praiseworthy efforts to extract a friend from unpleasant surroundings.' And there he stopped as if he expected me to put a name to his precious individual," concluded Aunt Jane.

Marion's heart beat fast. She had not told her aunt of her dealings with Quayne, or of her scheme to substitute a "double" at the asylum in order to facilitate Nigel Lukyn's escape. Yet this stranger's visit pointed to his knowing all about her secret. She could only suppose that he was an emissary of Quayne's, tho it would be highly reprehensible of the detective to employ a person who would give her away to her relative in this fashion.

"What did you say to him?" Marion asked, striving to conceal her eagerness.

"I told him that I hadn't the slightest knowledge of what he was talking about," replied Aunt Jane. "And the next minute it seemed that I couldn't possibly have had such knowledge, for he suddenly asked my name, and, on my telling him, exclaimed that he had come to the wrong flat. 'I beg a thousand pardons for the mistake,' he said, 'but I thought that I was in Mrs. Molyneux's rooms.' I disillusioned him, and he slouched out of the chair and took himself off with many apologies."

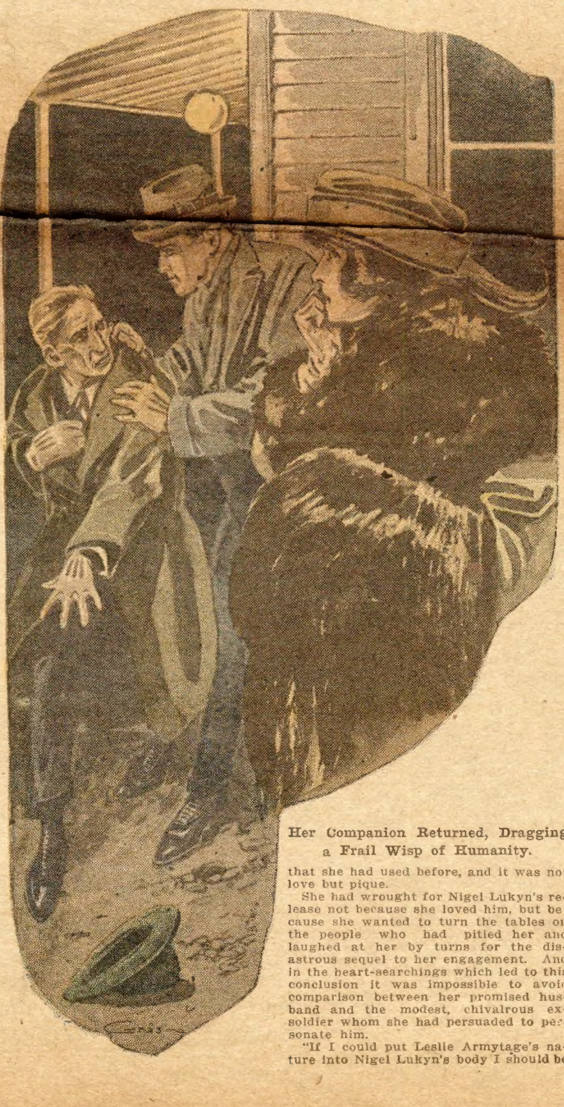
Marion breathed a sigh of relief. The ambiguous language used by the visitor must have referred to a totally different kettle of fish. "Well, surely there was nothing in that to make you sit up, aunty," she said.

But Aunt Jane shook her head wisely. "There wouldn't have been if that was all," she replied. "But when the man was gone I summoned Crispin and questioned her. Your maid is too well trained to make blunders, and she was positive that the man first asked for Miss Fermor by name. On being told that you went out he went so far as to pay me the compliment of knowing even my insignificant patronymic and asked for Miss Middleton. Whereby he stands convicted as a fraud—probably a thief prospecting the flat with a view to a subsequent raid on your jewelry."

"Perhaps," said Marion dreamily, for she was mentally searching for quite other probabilities.

"Well, my dear, I am going to bed now that I have unburdened my mind," said Aunt Jane, yawning. "If I were you I should inform the police tomorrow—before you lose your diamonds."

It was not to the police that Marion took her story next morning, but to John Quayne himself, who listened gravely—very gravely, she thought—to what she told him. The investigator, however, having assimilated her information, had very little to say in return. He thanked her for coming, and admitted that "Mr. Percy's" visit might betoken a hostile influence, but he professed himself unable to define the scope of such influence. He laughingly confessed to having put Badger on as elevator boy at Grandison Mansions, but was careful to leave the boy's mission there obscure.



Her Companion Returned, Dragging a Frail Wisp of Humanity.

"All I can tell you," said Quayne, as he showed her out, "is that this person's appearance at your flat makes me more than ever anxious to test a theory that I have formed about the shot that was fired at Mr. Armytage from the shrubbery at Pinecroft. The only person who can help me to a conclusion is Mr. Nigel Lukyn. Will you promise, Miss Fermor, to apprise me the moment you receive word that he is clear of the asylum, so that I may see him without delay?"

"I will do that," replied Marion. And then as light dawned upon her she added: "You think that Mr. Lukyn has enemies—that the shot was intended for him?"

"That question naturally presents itself," Quayne assented. "Mr. Lukyn can clear the matter up in less than two words. In your interests and his I ought to interview him before he mingles with the world again."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TELEGRAM ARRIVES!

DURING the next three weeks Marion was conscious of a revulsion of feeling towards her engagement with Nigel Lukyn, which she resolutely beat down because she persuaded herself that it was born of cowardice. She told herself that she no longer wanted to marry a man who might be shot at any moment, and who would make her life one of constant dread and anxiety.

Yet thruout this little bout of self-questioning there was an undercurrent of guilty feeling. Marion knew that she was not a coward, and that she was actuated by no such fears.

As the time went on towards the date when Leslie Armytage's "cure" might be expected to have culminated in his release—a release by which his substitute would benefit—the girl grew bolder in her self-communings, and asked herself whether she really loved the man for whom she had schemed, and contrived, and spent money like water. The answer came back every time in the word that she had used before, and it was not love but pique.

She had wrought for Nigel Lukyn's release not because she loved him, but because she wanted to turn the tables on the people who had pitied her and laughed at her by turns for the disastrous sequel to her engagement. And in the heart-searchings which led to this conclusion it was impossible to avoid comparison between her promised husband and the modest, chivalrous ex-soldier whom she had persuaded to personate him.

"If I could put Leslie Armytage's nature into Nigel Lukyn's body I should be well content," she sighed many times during that period of waiting.

Such was her mental attitude on a late November day, nearly two months after Armytage's admission to Grey Gables. The morning had broken damp and chill, and Marion, after a run to Richmond and back in her motorcar, had lunched at her flat and was meaning to enjoy a quiet afternoon by the fire with Aunt Jane in preference to braving the foggy atmosphere in search of the tea-tables of her friends.

She had just tucked herself into her favorite chair, with her toes on the fender, when the outer bell of the flat rang sharply, and a moment later Crispin entered with a telegram.

Marion read the telegram, and turned to her maid.

"Pack a small bag, Crispin, please—with enough things for one night," said the young mistress. "I must run down to Eyot Cottage. The gardener wants instructions about a new stove for the orchid house, and I can talk sense into him quicker than write it."

"Do you wish me to come too, dear?" asked Aunt Jane with a glance at the mist-wreathed window and rueful thoughts of rheumatism.

"No, indeed, aunty; I wouldn't drag you away from the fire for worlds, and there is no need, as I shall be back tomorrow," said Marion. The good spinster's relief prevented her from noticing the tremor in her niece's voice.

"And shall you require me, miss?" purred the demure and more observant maid.

Marion affected to consider. "On the whole, I think not, Crispin," she replied. "I can get along very comfortably, and as it is your night out I should be sorry to interfere with your arrangements."

"Thank you, miss," the girl murmured, and retired to pack the bag. But before seeking her mistress' bedroom to perform that duty she went out into the corridor and running upstairs to the next floor, disappeared for half a minute into Mrs. Molyneux's flat. After which she raced down again, closing the door of her mistress' flat as quietly as she had opened it on her exit.

In the meanwhile Marion was priding herself on her cleverness, for the telegram was not from Maidenhead at all. It had been handed in at the Broadstairs postoffice an hour before, and ran:

"Just arrived here. Left Putney this morning. Staying at Royal Albion Hotel.
ARMYTAGE."

For a moment the signature caused her a pang, till she remembered that she had arranged for Lukyn to sign Armytage's name to avoid suspicion. In a quarter of an hour she was ready to start, the page had been sent down to the hall with her bag, and nothing remained but to kiss Aunt Jane good-by. The process, simple as it seemed, caused her several minutes' hesitation. She hated to deceive the old lady, and was half inclined to confide in her; but finally she decided not to do so till she had seen Nigel and fixed a day for the wedding.

Her own page had called a cab and put the bag on it, but Marion took out her watch and consulted it thoughtfully before getting in. She was mindful of her promise to let Quayne know directly Lukyn had left the asylum, and she would prefer to see the detective personally if there was time to drive to his chambers before going to Victoria. She little guessed what momentous issues hung upon her choice. She decided that it would be cutting it too fine, and ordered the cabman to go straight to the terminus, whence she could send a messenger boy with a penciled note to Quayne.

Thus was a lady who descended the steps of the Mansions to a second cab immediately after Marion's had driven off balked of a great opportunity. For this second cab dogged its predecessor to the terminus and set down its fare at the first-class booking-office half a minute after Marion had paid her cabman and entered.

Marion selected a seat in a compartment already occupied by an elderly couple, and was settling down to the perusal of bookstall literature, when the guard opened the door and, with the whistle to his lips, showed in the lady to whom Badger had given precedence in the elevator at Grandison Mansions some weeks before. Marion, who had not seen her since, remembered the name—Mrs. Molyneux. It was stamped on her memory by reason of its having been used as a pretext by the individual who had endeavored to pump Aunt Jane during her own temporary absence from the flat.

Mrs. Molyneux had also provided herself with a goodly stock of magazines, and applied herself to them after one smiling well-bred glance round the compartment—a glance which comprehended every one without settling on anybody in particular. As the train rolled out of the terminus she turned over the pages as tho in search of something interesting, and by the time the engine had gathered speed she had apparently found it. For with a little shrug of satisfaction she nestled into her corner and read steadily.

Marion, in spite of the absorbing interview ahead of her, was fascinated by the carelessly graceful pose of a fellow passenger who already had some claim on her attention. She found herself taking sly peeps at the engrossed, expressive face of Mrs. Molyneux, and gradually there recurred to her the sensation she had experienced of previous familiarity with the piquante features when they had looked down upon her from the second-floor landing at Grandison Mansions.

And somewhere between Sittingbourne and Faversham, Marion mastered the puzzle. Mrs. Molyneux's vivacious countenance was that of the lady to whom the short man with the fierce eyes had bowed adieu at Weybridge Station on the day when she had gone down to give Armytage his final instructions. Only now did Marion understand what an impression the eyes of the briefly apologetic little man who had stumbled against her had made.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE JETTY.

THERE was nothing in the discovery that Mrs. Molyneux had passed thru Weybridge station on the day of the attempt to shoot Armytage to alarm Marion, any more than there was to connect the short man with the fierce eyes with that attempt. Thousands of people must have used the station of the favorite residential suburb that day, and it never occurred to her that either Mrs. Molyneux or the male companion who separated from her at the station could have been concerned in the affair at Pinecroft.

To have suspected them on such slender grounds would have been to reduce the art of subtle deduction to an absurdity, and Marion, having settled the question why Mrs. Molyneux's face seemed familiar, took but little further interest in her.

It was nearly 6 and quite dark when Marion drove up to the Grand Hotel, which a sense of the proprieties caused her to select in preference to the Royal Albion, whence Lukyn, in the name of Armytage, had wired her of his arrival. Having engaged a private sitting-room and bedroom, she wrote a note to her lover, asking him to meet her on the jetty forthwith. She addressed the envelope to "Leslie Armytage, Esqre.," reflecting that Nigel would have registered under the same borrowed name which he had used in his telegram.

The young millionairess wrapped her furs closely round her as she sallied forth into the chill air of the November evening. A raw southeasterly breeze was blowing along the sea front and sending the waves with an angry rumble onto the beach below the low cliffs. Marion had followed so hard on the heels of her messenger that she was first at the rendezvous, and she stationed herself under the fluttering lamp over the door of the life-boat house at the shore end of the jetty, whence she could readily observe any one who approached. In the inclement weather she had the place to herself.

Those few minutes of waiting for the man whom her wealth and persistence had released from the lunatic asylum to marry her, brought her a swift revelation of the tremendous thing she had done.

It made her so nervous that she fancied that some one was watching her—perhaps Nigel himself—round the angle of the life-boat house, and at last she could bear it no longer. To end the suspense she darted round the corner. She could see no one—only the dim shape of an upturned boat and a pile of crab pots—and, chiding herself for her fears, she returned to the front of the structure and the more cheerful gleam of the lamp.

Here came her lover at last, striding down the sloping road that led from the sea-front above. There was no mistaking the broad, well-knit shoulders, the swinging walk and the bold poise of the head. There was only one other who carried himself quite like that, and he was the man who at that moment must be under lock and key at Grey Gables, congratulating himself on the success of his task.

"Poor Mr. Armytage. I am afraid that he will find time hanging heavy on his hands, till he can recover for the second time and leave the asylum to enjoy his reward," thought Marion.

But there was no time to waste on the absent, with that tall form so near. Almost before she could realize it she was holding out her hand to greet her lover, ready to yield to his embrace should he proffer one, and angry with herself at her relief that he contented himself with a handshake.

"I—I thought it would be best for our first meeting to take place here—away from all possible eavesdroppers at the hotels," she said hurriedly. She dreaded the sound of his voice, yet was eager to hear it; for it might answer in the affirmative the terrible question she had just put to herself.

But no; the reply came in the deep-chested, well-modulated tones she knew so well, and there was no hint of madness in it:

"It was very wise, for I have an idea that I was followed from the gates of Grey Gables. But I am distressed beyond measure that you should have chosen such an exposed place on such an unpleasant night to—to hear my news."

The gentle sentiment, not associated by Marion with her previous short acquaintance with Lukyn, dispelled her fears, and did more than that—it warmed her to him.

"How good of you to think of me after all you have gone thru," she exclaimed. "But this following is bad news. They must have got wind of something at the asylum."

"It looks like it," was the reply. "The fellow shadowed me to Victoria, and there I lost him. All the same he is here in Broadstairs—a little shriveled old man like a monkey trying to chew nuts without teeeth. I saw him during the afternoon. But now, Miss Fermor——"

"Miss Fermor!" came the quick interruption. "Call me Marion at once, sir. I almost think our relations warrant the familiarity," she added archly, for she felt a womanly desire to spur on a lover whose wooing had not shown this diffidence on the eventful day when he had taken her by storm.

"Well, Marion, then, if you will have it so," he jerked out awkwardly. And then, as tho he recognized and regretted his rudeness, he went on in more level tones: "You must forgive me if I am not quite myself tonight, but this interview has been hanging over me like a nightmare. It is a difficult and—and a cruel thing to have to tell you what happened in the asylum. I hate to have to harrow you——"

"You won't do anything of the kind, Nigel. I refuse to hear a single word of what passed at that horrid place," Marion interrupted him again. And moved towards him by his new-found humility, and by a strange magnetic attraction that he had for her now for the first time, she flung her arms round him and, raising herself on tip-toe, pressed her warm lips to his.

"There!" she cried. "That is a token that I want no raking up of bygone horrors—a token that I am yours in the present and for the future, if you will take me, dear."

He whom she had kissed choked down something very like a sob, and then with a sudden stiffening of his whole frame that foreshadowed the firmness of his voice, he made answer—

"Then by that sweet token, my Marion, there shall be no raking up of the past. Take you? I will take you, my own self-bestowed flower and wear you, God willing, in the hope that you will some day forgive me for—for not having been a better man."

"There is nothing to forgive in misfortune, my poor, battered Nigel," cooed Marion, under the spell of awakened love, all the pity in her going out to him in his halting self-depreciation. And then to cheer her lover's obvious depression and strike a livelier key, she plunged into practical details. She would return to London in the morning, and he would follow by a later train and put up at the Hotel Colossal, in Northumberland avenue, still using the name of Leslie Armytage. They would at once apply for a license as soon as the qualifying period was up, and be quietly married directly afterwards.

"And, Nigel," she added, "you had better be married in the name of the man who helped you so cleverly. If we started on our honeymoon as Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Lukyn before he was clear of that dreadful Grey Gables, Dr. Beaman might hear of it, and Mr. Armytage might get into trouble. I should be sorry for that. I put a suppositious case to a friendly young barrister the other day, and he told me that a marriage under a false name holds good, provided both contracting parties are aware of it and mutually consent."

"I certainly ought not to object to using Leslie Armytage's name," was the grave reply.

"Then it is all settled, and we had better return to our respective hotels. I am simply famished, and I am sure that you must be. I would ask you to dine with me, only in case there is ever a fuss about this some day, I am anxious not to give Mrs. Grundy a loophole for scandal. Nigel, what are you doing?"

Marion's sudden staccato question was due to a rapidly-executed gymnastic feat on the part of her lover. They had been standing in front of the great folding doors of the life-boat house, facing the curve of the stumpy jetty and the sea. Her companion darted from her side, round the same angle of the building whence she had fancied herself watched just before his arrival, and returned, dragging a frail wisp of humanity into the light of the flickering lamp.

"This is the chap who has been foxing after me all day," he said, shaking his capture into an upright position. "Now, who are you, sir, and what do you mean by your sneaking and prying?"

The lean little yellow man, held tho he was in a grasp of iron, showed no dismay. "If you'll kindly loose me so I can produce my card to the lady, sir, you'll see as I'm on the square," he panted. And he lugged out and presented to Marion a dirty pasteboard on which was printed: "Silas Peckthorne," with the significant words "Quayne's Agency" at the foot.

"It is all right," said Marion to her lover. "You will have heard that I have been employing Quayne."

"And Quayne employs me," wheezed the old man. "I'm accounted about the best shadower in the business. The governor's orders were not to lose sight of the gent when he come out of the asylum, and report if any other party was at the same game—following of him down here or wherever he might go."

"Were you round that corner a quarter of an hour since?" asked Marion, remembering her fright.

"No, but some one else was, I expect, miss," the old man replied. Leastways, when I was coming round the back of the building a woman rose from behind a pile of crab pots and flitted away in the darkness."

"Ah, then she cannot have had anything to do with us," said Marion, serenely oblivious of the Molyneux coincidence. And turning to her lover, she added: "You know that Mr. Armytage was shot at on the day he went to Grey Gables?"

"Yes, I know that," was the answer.

"Well, Mr. Peckthorne's presence is the outcome of that, we shall probably find," Marion continued. "Quayne thought he might have been shot at in mistake for you and he has evidently taken the precaution of furnishing you with protection when you left the asylum. The whole thing has puzzled him and me, too, but now that you are free I daresay you can help us—that is, if you have an enemy?"

"I have none that I know of."

"That is good hearing, then, for of course you would know if you had any," said Marion gaily. "I confess that I rather disliked the idea of our being stalked thru life by some mysterious individual burning for revenge. Mr. Quayne, also, will be glad to learn that the shot at Mr. Armytage was probably nothing more serious than the freak of a drunken man. But come, dear, let us get out of this biting east wind. Unless occasion arises before, I shall see you tomorrow night at my flat."

So they left the windswept trysting place on the jetty, and side by side climbed the hill into the town, the tenacious Peckthorne plodding discreetly in the rear.

CHAPTER X.

QUAYNE'S WARNING.

MARION, having parted with her lover at the Royal Albion, went on to her hotel, and, more at peace with herself than she had been for weeks, sat down to a solitary dinner in her private sitting-room. The meeting with Nigel Lukyn had been no ordeal after all. Chastened and depressed by his terrible experience, the poor fellow had lost the vague traits which had lately caused her qualms of repentance and apprehension, and was really quite lovable. And, best of all, the haunting fear that had seized her while waiting on the jetty was altogether unfounded. He was not the least bit mad.

"My first instinct in the conservatory at Penruddock Castle was the right one," she assured herself. "He is a good man—true, strong, brave, gentle and considerate. I shall end, I believe, in being very happy and very, very fond of him."

She had finished her meal, and was settling down to a day-dream in front of the cosy fire, when the waiter, who had not long removed the dinner, reappeared, full of deprecating apology. Miss Fermor's was a name to conjure with—more potent than any officially-signed passport. The society papers had made the world familiar with the wealth of Martin Fermor's heiress.

"There's a gentleman—a Mr. Quayne, waiting to see you, miss," said the man. "I told him that it was very late for a lady to be disturbed."

"Show him up at once," said Marion; "and any one else who asks to see me. I am in Broadstairs on business."

The waiter bowed and ushered in the visitor. John Quayne's emotions were not, as a rule, legible in the well-controlled facial muscles, but tonight he showed some slight traces of excitement as he took his client's hand.

"We have seen your Peckthorne," she said. "Mr. Lukyn forced him to introduce himself."

"So he tells me," replied Quayne with a dry smile. "I have just left him on watch outside the Royal Albion—on my way from the station. I thought it safer to have a man to look after Mr. Lukyn from the gates of the asylum till I could get to him myself, so Peckthorne has been in readiness outside Doctor Beaman's for a week. I am very glad that I took the precaution."

"But why?" Marion asked with a trace of annoyance. "Mr. Lukyn says he has no enemies, and I don't see why we should worry about that silly shot at Mr. Armytage, which must have been the merest chance."

"All the same, I am very anxious about your friend," said the detective quietly. "I have a very strong case to unfold, but I should prefer to have Mr. Lukyn present, if you have no objection to my sending for him. He may be able to put an end to my theory once for all, or, by confirming it, place a weapon in my hand for protecting him from a dangerous conspiracy."

"By all means send for him," Marion assented. "Nothing would delight me more than the laying of this bogey. I am growing a little tired of it."

Quayne stepped out into the landing, gave an order to a waiter, and, returning to the sitting-room, chatted with his client on indifferent topics till the door opened and Marion's lover entered.

"This is Mr. Nigel Lukyn, or, as we have arranged to call him for the present, Mr. Leslie Armytage," said Marion. "Nigel, this is Mr. Quayne, who has been so useful to me in helping to procure your escape."

The detective's keen glance summed up the young man from head to foot. "Marvelous!" he exclaimed. "I never saw such a likeness. I am sure, sir, that you have every right to your double's name, for you might be the man himself. I should have addressed you in the street as Mr. Armytage, if I had met you casually."

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw my double in the asylum. I thought I was in front of the looking-glass," was the reply.

"He carried out his task satisfactorily? There was no hitch in exchanging clothes, or anything of the sort?"

"No hitch whatever."

"That's all right," said Quayne. "My client has to pay him a big price for his services, so I thought I'd ask, tho I reckoned Armytage up as a good sort who would pull you thru. Now, Mr. Lukyn——"

"Call him Armytage, please," Marion interposed. "We've got to do it in public, so we may as well get used to it in private. I mean to call him Leslie."

"Mr. Armytage, then," proceeded Quayne. "It will come a good deal easier, I can assure you, after my association with the other one. Well," and the detective's suave manner crystalized a little. "I want to ask you a simple question—for your own protection. Have you ever been in America—the United States, to be precise?"

"I have."

"Ah, that is interesting. And did you when there comes into any sort of conflict with an anti-capitalist organization known as the 'Knights of Industry'?"

"I never heard of them."

"Sure? Well, possibly you may have fallen foul of some individual member of the body, who has a grievance against you in his private capacity?"

"I cannot be certain that I never trod on some one's corns in a 'railway' car, but that would be the extent of it."

Marion laughed gaily, and flung herself into her chair before the fire, motioning the two men to be seated also. "There, Mr. Quayne," she exclaimed. "You see what a mare's nest you have got hold of. But let us have your reasons," she added quickly. "I am sure that you are far too clever to have been under these apprehensions without very good reasons."

"You will remember, Miss Fermor," he began, "that I got a glimpse of the man who fired at the real Mr. Armytage in the garden of the house at Weybridge. We decided to let the matter drop, but for my own satisfaction I set to work to trace the man, and with the resources of my agency, that was child's play. In three days I had located him at the Hotel Colossal in Northumberland avenue, where he was, and is staying with a companion who is like himself, an American. I ascertained that one of them had registered as from the United States about a week before the shooting affair in company with a lady who was staying at another hotel—the Majestic, in Charing Cross Road.

"I set the cable going to my New York representative, with the result that I have learned that the trio—Fayter Frayne, Scorrier Voules and Miss Berthe Roumier—are emissaries from the Secret Council of the Knights of Industry, charged with some particular service in England which we are unable to discover. The Knights of Industry, however, are suspected of having murdered several persons in America who have offended them or broken their rules, so that it is reasonable to deduce that they have crossed the Atlantic with some such object in view."

"This is weirdly interesting to their intended victim, but not to us," interjected Marion. "They must have made a bad mistake."

"Then they made it very methodically," Quayne rejoined. "The female member of the party shortly afterwards established herself at Grandison Mansions, in a small flat on the floor above yours, Miss Fermor, in the name of Mrs. Molyneux."

Marion was moved at last. "That woman?" she cried. "Why, she came down in the same compartment with me today, tho she did not leave the train here. At least, I don't think so, unless she got out at the last moment."

Beyond a twitching of the nostrils, Quayne gave no sign that this was news to him. "I am not surprised to hear it," he said, "for I was convinced that she took up her quarters at the Mansions to watch you, and she must have done it to some purpose if she was the woman whom my fellow Peckthorne stumbled on behind the life-boat house. Well, to hark back, I put my boy, Badger on as lift attendant to keep an eye on the spurious Mrs. Molyneux, but, tho the boy is keen, all he learned was what I knew before—that the lady was occasionally visited by one or the other of the two American men. One of them did actually call upon her on the night of the intrusion of the self-styled 'Mr. Percy' at your flat."

"But now I must tell you more" Ma-

(Continued on Page 25.)

Continuing a Most Startling Story of the Ocean and Strange Creatures

Demons of the Sea

By H. M. Egbert

What Has Happened Before.

LIEUTENANT PAGET, of the U. S. Navy, meets Captain Masterman, an old friend, when on leave in Washington. Masterman tells him about his latest discovery in submarine life, which threatens to destroy the world. Masterman, exciting himself over his rival, MacBeard, dies suddenly before he finishes his story. Paget finds a letter addressed to him in Masterman's pocket, and immediately hurries to the old man's house in Baltimore. There he sees a form of undersea life which terrorizes him. While he is looking at it, MacBeard, who has followed him, sandbags him, and takes away the letter which contains valuable information about the discovery. Paget takes his submarine to sea, watches a German cruiser fire upon the Boetia, and torpedoes it. He rescues Ida Kennedy. In the lifeboat, he finds himself attacked by the monsters, but manages to win the battle and get back on the submarine. He tells his weird story, and Davies, his underling, has him confined, thinking he is mad. During the night the monsters get on board and kill all except Ida, Paget, Davies and Sam Clouts. They find temporary shelter in the steel conning tower of the submarine. In the morning the sea monsters are gone, and Paget tries to start the submarine. However, it sinks to the bottom of the sea. Then he, Ida, Clouts and Davies don divers' suits and try to find the slope which leads upward to the land. Ida and Paget find themselves alone. They are choking for want of air. Donald removes the headpiece of his suit, preferring to die by drowning; to his surprise he discovers that there is air at the bottom of the ocean.

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CHAPTER X.

THE CAVE OF THE IDOL.

A CRY of amazement burst from his lips. He was breathing air—air at the bottom of the sea!

It was surcharged with oxygen. It invigorated him. He felt the thrill of renewed life in his body, he felt his shrunken arteries tingle as his heart pumped the new, richened blood thru them.

It seemed unbelievable. At first he thought that he had died, and that this was the soul's awakening.

Then, with quick fingers, he unfastened Ida's body-piece and tore the mask from its fastenings. He heard her sigh.

She sighed and stirred and sat up on the ocean bed.

"Donald!" she murmured. "I thought—I thought you were dead. Where are we?"

"I don't know," he answered, in absolute bewilderment.

At that momentt he heard the mellow, gonglike sound that they had heard aboard the F55.

And slowly, as if in answer to the call, the jellylike medium that surrounded them began to drift away, to be hung up, as if it were a curtain, and before their astonished gaze there evolved the strangest stage setting that could ever have been conceived.

Like draped-up curtains the wall of cloudy texture fell back and swung upward, hanging high overhead in coils and loops, and forming arches and vistas that stretched into the immeasurable distance, and dissolved and were recreated, a shifting panorama.

First there came into view the submarine, occupying, as it were, the center of this stage, her bow sunk in the ooze, her stern still lower. They had been lying within a hundred paces of her.

Next appeared the sloping edges of the crater, seen, not thru water, but thru clear air, with a border of yellow crinoids, ceaselessly stirring, as tho a breeze ruffled them. Then there began to be visible, in the flanks of the mountain, structures, apparently of hardened mud, taking the shape of fantastic temples, with pillars and doorways with low lintels, a submerged city of cliff dwellers, and yet each identical with its neighbors, so that they seemed to have been fashioned with the same unchanging precision as the cells of the bee.

And the whole crater swarmed with the sea-monsters, no longer invisible, but outlined in phosphorescent fire.

On the soft, chalky ooze, composed of the shells of innumerable sea dwellers, they stood, a phantomlike army, and all about them played, in lambent gleams, the phosphorescent lights.

And, standing in front of Donald and Ida, his features clearly visible thru the glass of his own diving mask, surveying them with a cool, dispassionate gaze, was Ira MacBeard!

As they stared at him, he raised his hand and struck something suspended from his neck, giving out the mellow sound which they had heard before. Immediately he disappeared from view in the midst of a swarm of the monsters, which, surrounding Donald and the girl, began to push them toward the cavern in the mountain side.

The push was gradual, and apparently the result of some natural quality not known on land. There was no sense of muscular movement. It seemed to be momentum devoid of the accompanying factor of speed. Irresistibly, and yet quietly, the two were pushed toward the entrance in the flank of the island.

In vain Donald resisted. In vain he tried to force a path toward the submarine, dashing his fists against the bodies of the monsters. He made not the least impression upon those half-spherical forms.

A sea-man under water and one in the air had very different powers of resistance. He might as well have fought an army of animated feather-beds.

Slowly, without strain or attack, he felt himself being forced forward. He was held tightly on every side, except for the narrow gap that opened in front of him. He was forced to devote himself to supporting Ida.

On every side the globular, translucent, phosphorescent forms seemed to crowd in on him, leaving only a tiny way in the direction of one of the mud-pillared entrances. Yet, even thus, Donald had the impression of some unconscious force that animated these monsters; it seemed like the scouting expedition of a colony of red ants, returning with its booty. He could sense no conscious impulse in the sea monsters.

His pace became accelerated, and suddenly, swept off their feet, Donald and Ida found themselves within a huge cavern, faintly illumined by phosphorescence, and roofed with the same cloudy substance that they had seen upon the ocean bed without.

The monsters left them. The two stood there together, still in bewilderment. But they were not alone, for, with a shout, Davies emerged from the dim recess, and ran toward them, followed by Clouts. Their cylinders and headgear had been removed. The four stared at one another in incredulous joy.

"They nabbed us the moment we left the air-lock," cried Davies, grabbing the lieutenant by the hand and forgetting his discipline for the first time. "And Clouts, too. They sort of edged us in here. We were afraid you were dead."

"They gave us a little longer respite," answered Donald. "Davies, am I mad or dreaming, or are we breathing under water?"

"If you're dreaming, then Clouts and I are, too," said the little middy. "Hello! There Clouts goes again! I've tried to keep him resigned, but he gets frantic occasionally."

With a sudden howl that seemed to rise from the depths of an outraged nature, Clouts, lowering his head, rushed like a battering ram into the doorway. The watchers saw him recoil as if he had butted a feather-bed. He looked up, rubbed his head in perplexity, and then, retiring a few paces, repeated his experiment more furiously than before.

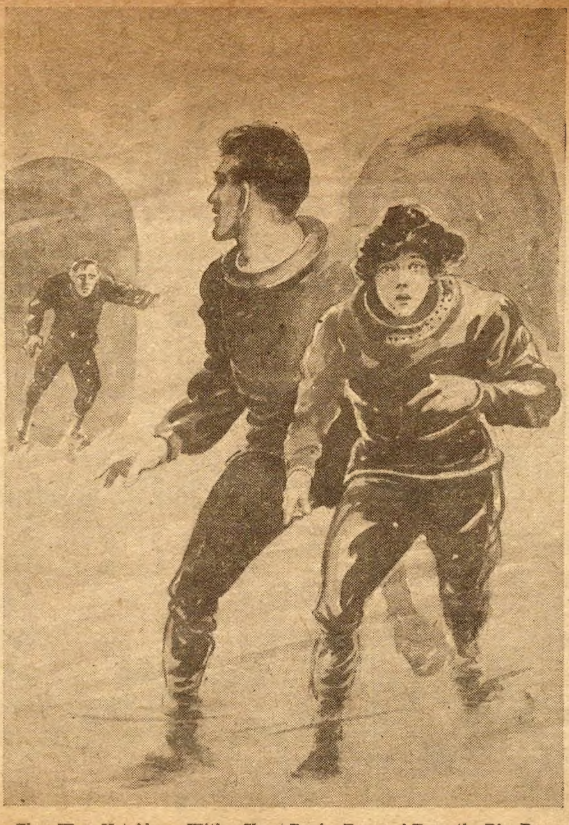
Again he was hurled back, as a ball rebounds from the cushion of a billiard table. The monsters' bodies blocked the entrance as effectively as if they were of rubber.

Slowly Sam Clouts withdrew, looking back with a puzzled expression. Meanwhile the three glanced about.

They were in a huge natural cave, in which the sea monsters had evidently been at work, for the interior was coated with mud, hardened in some peculiar manner to resist the water. And yet Donald had the same impression of a beehive. There was something of sameness everywhere, the same sense of automatism.

It was quite bare, except at one end, where arose a mud mound, decorated with seashells, and upon this was what looked like the upright skeleton of a small mammal.

"Look!" exclaimed Donald.



They Were Not Alone; With a Shout Davies Emerged From the Dim Recess.

"It came from—from behind the curtain!" said Davies in awe. "Donald, the air was thicker . . . something keeps rolling back . . . ?"

They looked at each other, still unconvinced that they were awake and alive. They went toward the object at the end.

Sam Clouts, who had preceded them, fell back with an exclamation of horror.

"Yes, Clouts?" said Donald.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but don't you see that it's meant to be a person, sir?"

He spoke the truth. The figure was a rough pile of bones, but high above them a grinning, human face, made of the same plastered mud, looked down. It was the first sign of conscious process among the monsters, and some devil craftsman had contrived to catch, not so much the form as the humanness of it.

It was upon a larger scale, precisely such a figure as a child or a savage might have made in its first efforts to reproduce the human figure. There were even the dawnings of art in the shape of whales' ear-bones, strung braceletwise, across the breast.

The mound beneath the figure consisted of innumerable bones, a sort of kitchen midden such as Neolithic man left behind him as a testimony to his oyster feasts.

Davies picked up one of the bones and looked at it intently.

"Donald!" he said softly, not to attract the attention of Ida, who, seated on the floor against the mound, seemed on the point of falling asleep from weariness. He held out the bone.

Both looked at it. It was the bone of a flipper heel. The monsters were cannibal, beyond any doubt.

"Davies!" cried Donald, a moment later. "Don't you see what that figure is? It's an idol. And the bones are those of creatures of their own species, and others, sacrificed to it by the monsters in their abominable feasts. It's the first dawnings of self-consciousness, the awakening of the religious preceptions!"

There could be no other interpretation. They looked at each other in horror and something of awe.

"You see, Davies," said Donald, "Nature is striving to produce a second race of men. Man is the unconscious aspiration of this race. Just as the Ploenicians had their fish-god, Dagon, so these deep-water dwellers have their man-god, whom they have brought with them on their journey."

The thing had been fashioned, perhaps, after an ideal never seen, or perchance some forgotten ancestor, cast up on an inhabited shore, had seen man and returned, to embody him in his remembered guise.

So these half-blind and voiceless devils of the sea were groping slowly upward, as our ancestors had done many a hundred thousand years ago, toward hope and endeavor. The Spirit of God stirred in the dull souls of these cannibal monsters, as everywhere.

Donald felt somehow immensely elated at the thought. Even here they were not cut off from the sheltering hand of Providence.

"Do you remember that poem about one of the early Arctic explorers, Davies?" he asked. "The old leader, dying, says: 'Heaven is as near by water as by land?' "

This sudden lapse into sentiment embarrassed the little middy terribly.

"I wonder what they are going to do with us," he said.

"Look, sir!" Clouts exclaimed suddenly.

He pointed behind the mound, and, following his gaze, Donald and Davies saw something like a sun-dial, made of a large bone whetted to a razor fineness, and somewhat resembling a grindstone.

It rested behind the mound, on a flat rock about the size of a large table, and it tapered in thickness from that of a sharp razor, at the curving edge, to that of a jackknife at the base. It was perhaps two feet in diameter.

"What's the matter, Clouts?" asked Donald, seeing the expression upon the sailor's face.

"Don't you know what that is, sir?" volunteered Clouts huskily. "It's a sacrificial stone, sir. I saw one of them in the museum at Acatalpec, in British Honduras, once, sir. They said the Mayas used them, and that they learned about them from the priests that had them in Atlantis, the continent what sunk beneath the waves, sir."

"Do you see how it works, Donald?" asked Davies. "These beasts can't lift things. Of course they can't lift under the pressure of miles of sea, as they have no lifting muscles; so they push instead. They push them down upon the stone."

That was as far as he had explained when Donald touched the edge of the blade with his thumbnail. The flexible bone twanged, sending forth a sound of immense volume. Traveling four times as fast thru the water vapor as thru the air, it seemed to reverberate under the cloudy roof for an immeasurable time, sending forth resonant echoes. It was totally unlike the sound that they had heard before, and yet equally clear and beautiful.

The response was astonishing. Instantaneously, as it seemed, the interior of the temple was filled with the devil men. Donald had just time to catch Ida to him when they were pushed backward behind the mound, and ringed with phosphorescent fire. The atmosphere seemed to have become filled with tense and resilient rubber.

The hall was crammed with the globular shapes of the monsters, that glided over the well-trodden ooze. And from the midst of them MacBeard stepped out. He touched the thing he wore about his neck, and a musical tinkle, which followed, produced an instant cessation of all movement. The ring of fire had slightly widened; the prisoners were able to move within a limited space.

MacBeard had removed his diver's mask, and at the sight of his face Donald's anger associated itself, singularly enough, not with the present predicament, but with the knockout that the professor had given him in the house in Baltimore.

"We know each other, I think," said MacBeard, with suave irony.

"What do you propose?" inquired Donald.

"I don't quite know," answered the professor thoughtfully. "You see, I never took you into consideration at all. You are, so to say, the fly in the ointment. As a part of the human race you should meet the fate in store for the race."

"You make me sick," said Donald.

MacBeard looked rather angry.

"You can have your life for the present," he returned, "but not as a permanent gift. I shall not single you out to bestow on you the boon of continuing that constant adjustment to external forces which Herbert Spencer has named 'life.' In other words, you can go to the devil until I am ready to take you in hand again, on one condition."

"Name it, you blackguard," said Donald.

"I want the two missing pages of Masterman's manuscript."

"There is only one——" began Donald; and then he checked himself. It occurred to him that if he could make MacBeard believe that there were two pages, containing valuable data, instead of the half-incoherent letter, his chances and those of his companions would be greater.

"You don't suppose I have them in my diving suit, do you?" he asked.

"I will come to the submarine," answered MacBeard.

"Take us all back to the submarine out of this hell's [illegible] of yours, [illegible] then show us the way to the top of the island, and you shall have all the rest of the papers."

MacBeard eyed Donald with amusement. "I offered you your life, not the others," he continued. "One man returning with a story like Masterman's would be called a lunatic; two would awaken doubt; three would be fatal."

And then his eyes fell upon Ida.

She was standing at Donald's side, as brave and defiant as he, and their eyes met. And at that instant something happened to the professor that upset all his calculations, something at which he would have scoffed as entirely incredible.

He fell in love for the first time in his life.

Science has never succeeded in penetrating the mystery of love. It is not known why one man falls in love at fifty and another at nineteen; one at sight, and another after five years of matinees and supper parties with the object of his adoration. MacBeard did not know why it had happened to him, but he knew that it had happened. And with it there came the universal instinct to display his superiority over the man at Ida's side, in whom he intuitively sensed his rival.

"You've played your cards pretty badly," he sneered. "You had the secret in your hands, and you surrendered it to me. You think a little more highly of old Masterman now, don't you?"

"You blackguard!" cried Donald again, clinching his fists.

MacBeard stepped out of range hastily. He disliked violence, partly as an attempted violation of the principle of the conservation of energy, but principally because he was a coward.

"I heard the whole of your conversation in the club," he continued. "Masterman didn't know all, by any means, tho. He didn't know the deep sea could be made habitable by the very simple process of condensing the hydrogen in the water, and converting the residue of oxygen, by its reaction upon the nitrogenous seaplants, into air."

"It is all our lives for the missing part of the manuscript, or none," said Donald.

MacBeard rubbed his hands together. In that infernal light, he seemed hardly less monstrous than the creatures about him.

"You will think differently in a few moments," he answered. And taking the implement that he had used before, into his hands, he struck another note.

Instantly the resilient wall closed in about them, and, with the same slow, steady pressure, they were urged forward, Clouts in the lead. The note sounded again; they stopped. Clouts was now immediately in front of the sacrificial knife of bone. And, very slowly, he began to lean forward.

At any other time he would have presented an appearance distinctly ludicrous. He seemed to be waddling slowly, and with great dignity, toward the razor-edged weapon. He stood stock still, planted his legs hard in the ooze, and began to bend forward, as if he were about to undertake some calisthenic exercise.

Donald understood what was happening. The monsters were urging Clouts' body downward in such a way that the edge of the bone knife would lie immediately against his breast. Then, with an increased pressure, Clouts would be forced down until the keen bone sliced his body in twain.

At that instant the realization of the monsters' vulnerability came to the lieutenant. As Davies had said, they could not lift things with their flippers. They could not kill with a blow, only with pressure.

He plunged his hand into the mound and drew out a bone. Whirling it about his head, he struck out right and left with it. He heard the skulls of the monsters crack under the impact.

He clove a path to Clouts' side. He reached him just as the edge of the knife lay across Clouts' breast. As he beat back the sea devils, Clouts straightened himself with a jerk and looked up mournfully.

"It ain't no use, sir," he said, and plunging his hand into his breast, he drew out his mouth organ.

The relief was only momentarily achieved. The monsters came crowding back. They pinioned Donald's arms to his sides by pressure. In another instant Clouts would have paid the debt he never owed MacBeard.

It was then that the ruling passion asserted itself in Clouts. Perhaps it was because he thought his chance would never come again, or it might have been mere habit. Setting his hand to his lips, he struck out the reedy notes of "Sally in Our Alley."

At that moment Clouts was actually enjoying himself. He had often played quietly on duty, when he was safe from detection; he had once played on a masthead in a 40-knot gale; but he had never played under quite such difficulties before. His hands being fast, he held the instrument between his lips and blew.

Donald saw the phosphorescence run from them along the cave like liquid fire. He heard MacBeard's deep note, saw the fire quiver and vanish in the darkness outside the cave. Meanwhile Sam Clouts played on.

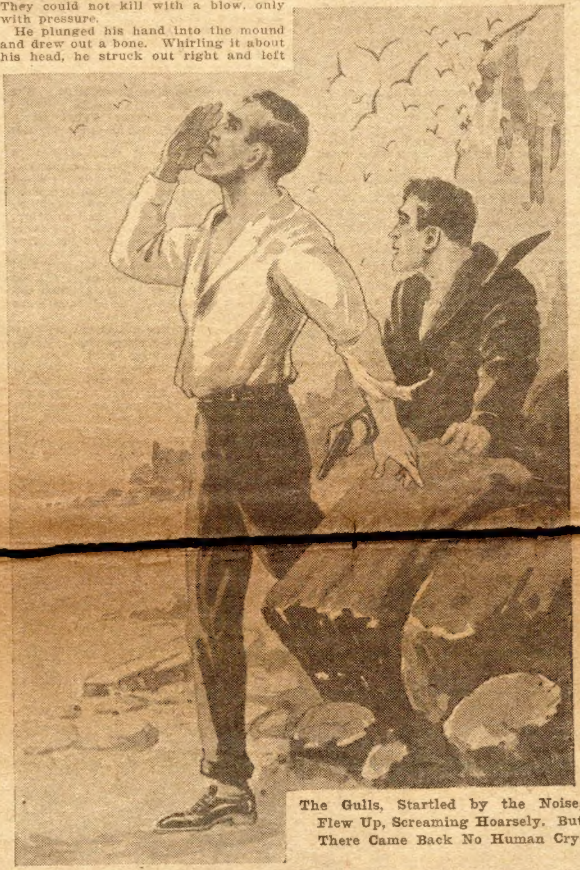
Donald seized Davies' arm in wild excitement.

"Don't you see?" he cried. "It's music, not the sounds, because they can't hear those, but only the vibrations. That's their language. And MacBeard learned somewhere that they wouldn't hurt him if he brought—do you know what he brought? Do you know what it was that he struck?"

"A tuning fork!" shouted Davies.

"Because they don't eat anything that is articulate. That's their way of separating the clean from the unclean. I suppose they only indulge in cannibalism when they've lost their voices or whatever they have. I didn't understand that part, Davies. But these devils have their Commandments, too. Law reigns down here, and MacBeard hasn't sensed it. He'll violate their laws, and they'll kill him, Davies, that's sure! Now's our time to run for the submarine. Clouts, you play that tune for all you're worth, or I'll brain you!"

With their arms linked, they ran into the throng of scurrying monsters, Ida between Donald and Davies, and Clouts in the van, blowing his mouth organ like a madman. The monsters hurried before them in evident panic. The contact with the slippery bodies no longer produced resilience. The elusive phosphorescent gleams shot here and there like will-o'-the-wisps. MacBeard was nowhere to be seen.



The Gulls, Startled by the Noise, Flew Up, Screaming Hoarsely. But There Came Back No Human Cry.

At the cave's entrance Sam Clouts paused, and turned to Donald.

"I wish I'd brought my bass concertina aboard, sir," he said.

"Never mind; you're doing very well indeed, Clouts," answered Donald. "Play, man! Play!"

The lights, which had remained stationary during the moment's interlude, grew dimmer again as Clouts struck out with his lips the tune of "Cock o' the North."

"The submarine!" gasped Donald, pointing before him as he ran.

But, even as he neared it, it began to grow dim. Not more than a hundred paces away, the vessel sank into obscurity as they raced toward it. It seemed gradually to be blotted out before their eyes.

And slowly, almost imperceptibly, the cloudy curtain began to descend and to dissolve.

Davies cried out as he ran and pointed upward. Donald looked up. The jelly-like mass was melting as it enveloped them; it permeated the air as if it were being dissolved into water vapor; it swept in from every quarter.

Donald gasped for air. He heard Clouts coughing, and saw the middy stagger as he ran. Ida fell back into his arms. The submarine was still fifty paces away, and she was nothing more than a cloudy image upon the night.

Donald understood what had happened. The nitrogen was being absorbed, the condensed oxygen vapor was turning into a gas again and mingling with the oxygen to form water. Already the air was saturated with steam. It choked the breath, and their larynxes closed spasmodically. In a very few moments they would be beneath the waves.

On they ran, groping thru the complete blackness. The air was like wine jelly. Donald had almost ceased to breathe. He ran with his lungs full of a little reservoir of air, which he exhaled slowly.

He could see neither Clouts nor Davies, but he believed that they were struggling toward the submarine.

And he found it, and them, almost by a miracle. He had the good fortune to blunder into them as they tugged at the outer door of the airlock.

Somehow they opened it. They got Ida inside and followed. The outer door was closed. Clouts, reeling forward, opened the inner one, and the stale, worn-out air within the conning tower seemed like ozone.

Never had the little craft appeared so welcome. They staggered deliriously around the steel-plated chamber.

Donald counted them. He saw Ida, Clouts and Davies; and he had a distinct impression that somebody else had brushed against him in entering the airlock. But they were the only four within the conning tower.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERLOPER.

PRESENTLY, when they had recovered, they set to work to make their plans and face the future again.

"What do you make of it all, Donald?" asked Davies.

"I can't make head or tail of it," answered Donald.

"Well, I have been thinking. There are two points on which I think I have arrived at a solution. First, as to the temperature of the water. Has it occurred to you that, instead of some 32 degrees Fahrenheit, it was almost tepid?"

"Yes, I thought of it, but not for more than a moment."

"My interpretation is that the warmer water is held in the hollow of a crater, as in a cup. Now, if these monsters are urged on their course by the need for warmth, as well as food, which seems plausible——"

"That was what Masterman said."

"Yes, sir. Well, they will be considerably affected by cold. Freeze them! There is the [illegible] world's chance to drive them back to their deep-water haunts. It can be done. However, the second point is more important. You heard what that blackguard said about the condensed hydrogen?"

"Yes, Davies."

"Well, sir, it shows that all this is natural law, and not magic. Donald—excuse me, sir——"

"By all means, Davies!"

"Well, sir, it looks to me like this: these sea devils must possess the faculty of separating the gaseous elements of water. Do you remember our botanical courses at Annapolis, when the navy had a fad about it? I learned something about the plants' power of absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere. It must be something like that. And nature, of course, has bestowed that faculty upon them to train them to breathe air for limited periods, to prepare them for their emergence upon dry land."

"Surely nature cannot intend to place the earth at the mercy of those horrible things," said Ida.

"Why not, dear?" asked Donald. It was the first time that he had revealed their relationship to Davies, but the little middy had known.

"Well, because—God is good, you know," answered the girl.

"But you must remember He made all the evil things that have existed and exist now," said Donald. "Perhaps that is His way of turning evil into good. Perhaps even those monsters possess the germs of souls."

"He made MacBeard," said Davies, who had learned the professor's name and mission from Donald.

"Still, heaven won't destroy the world at their hands," said Ida, with supreme confidence. "He has his plans, and at the ripe moment we'll find that there's one weak point—just one little one, perhaps, which will prove their undoing."

"I hope so," answered Donald. "But," he continued, turning to Davies, "you haven't explained how you think MacBeard worked the trick."

"Why, Donald, I thought I had. He didn't work it at all. The creatures did it. Didn't they surround themselves with that jelly stuff when they attacked you in the boat?"

"Yes."

"They couldn't have carried it about with them. Don't you see the explanation, Donald? It is their presence which automatically condenses the hydrogen—some property given out by their bodies. When MacBeard struck the assembly note on his tuning fork, they came together and turned the water into air. When Clouts scared them away, the gases

Continued on Page 20.)

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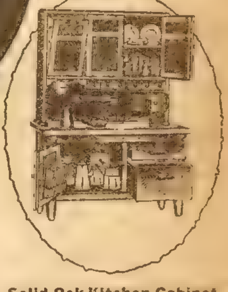

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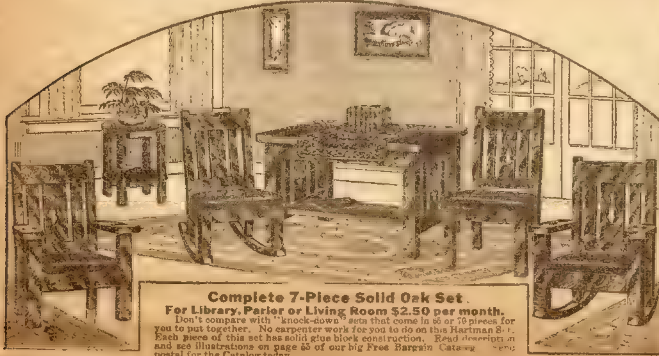

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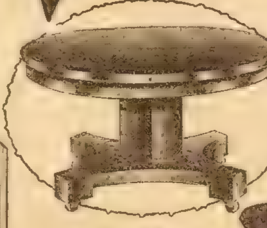

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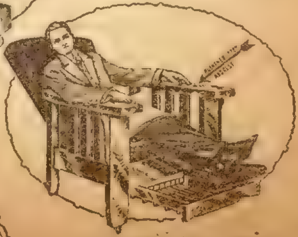

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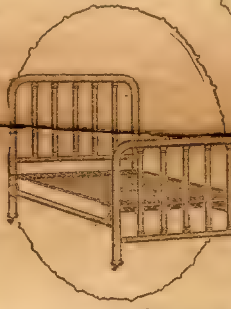

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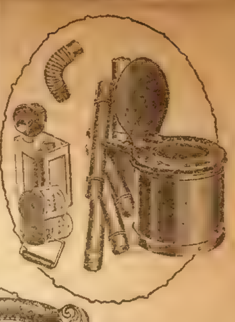

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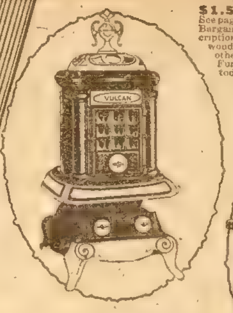

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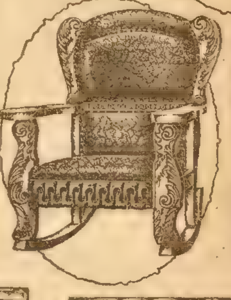

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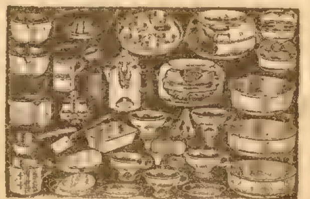

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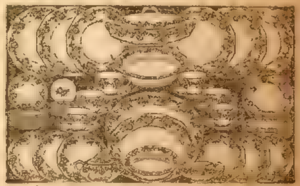

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Only $1.00 per month. Martha Washington Shape—White and Gold Decorations—Rose Border. Fully described on page 268 of Bargain Catalog. **Send postal for this Big Free Bargain Catalog today.**

At the Prom Party.

EXTREMELY conscious of her glittering spangles, her low cut neck and her first long train, Hazel Josten, with a newly-acquired coyness and piquancy, refused the chair offered her by an escort and swept up and down the box occupied by their house party.

She liked to look over her shoulder and watch the sweep of her train as it spread out and followed her. In fact, she was so busy watching it that her escort was asking her a question for the third time before she knew he was speaking.

"I say, Hazel," his tone was almost impatient, "why don't you listen to a fellow? Do you or don't you want to get into that line and shake hands with the faculty and the other immortals"

In any other dress she would have had no hesitation in declining emphatically. Now she looked up at the receiving line contemptuously. "Well, I think——" Then she happened to glance over her shoulder again. Her smile changed from contempt to admiration and joy. "Oh, I'd just love to!" she exclaimed eagerly. Then, with a total disregard of the scowl on her partner's face, she took his arm and trailed out to the end of the line, the remarks of her partner lost in the ecstasy of watching the floating softness behind her.

An hour and a half later they reached the receiving line Hazel's partner had grown morose and silent, but she didn't mind; she was not even disturbed by the fact that her new white satin slippers were rather tight and that before the dance had even begun her feet were urging her to be seated and rest them. The couple behind them kept a respectful distance away, and the train, a cure for every ill, gave Hazel as much delight as ever.

A hearty grasp of her hand and a repetition of her name brought her to earth. She murmured an acknowledgment and passed on

"Pleased, indeed, Miss Johnson," drawled a somewhat wearied voice

"Josten," corrected Hazel

Just then a sudden jerk at her shoulders told her that some one was walking on her train. In alarm she turned, while her hand was taken firmly by the owner of a voice that exclaimed heartily, "I'm very glad to know you, Miss Johnstone!"

"Josten," again corrected Hazel, striving to pass on, with somebody's weight on her train.

She turned angry eyes in search of the culprit and was about to express in public her views on his manners when a soft, ladylike hand took hers and held it firmly. In [illegible] she turned to see who had it, and a nice old lady whispered "My dear, what did Miss What's-her-name say your name was? I'm rather deaf!"

"[illegible]," replied Hazel frantically tugging at her train, which was caught now in a crowd that had gathered behind her, for her progress had been very slow and the crowd was waiting for her to proceed.

"Miss Hazeljost, Mr. Burns," introduced the nice old lady. Hazel found herself pulled forward by a large, strong hand, while an equally strong pull from behind her held her fast.

"I'm I'm very glad, Mr. Burns—but they're on my train!" The tears would come, and she hated to let him see them.

"Perhaps you'd better pick it up," advised Mr. Burns kindly, but absently, reaching for an outstretched hand behind her.

"For pity's sake, Hazel, get a move on you," urged her partner, in front of her. "There's a whole mob back of you, and you're holding up the procession!"

"Oh, hurry up yourself!" Her tone was bitter "If you think I'm going to leave my train back there in that crowd you're badly mistaken! Why don't you go and make them get off?" A large tear dropped down upon her bare shoulder, and he espied it there.

"It's all right," he whispered a few minutes later. "There's one little mark on it, but it was caught in the buckle of some girl's shoe—one of those little weights that you've got in it—and she was so crowded that she couldn't stoop down to get it out. She says you've nearly pulled her shoe off half a dozen times." He handed her the end of the train "Now hang on to it," he commanded.

"Miss Johnson?" another voice murmured, politely.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Hazel, sweetly, and passed on.

"Say, I wonder whom I met back there," she remarked to her partner as she flung out her train as they emerged from the receiving line. "Don't you just love my train?"

* * *

Pleasant Prospect.

A MESSENGER boy, who lives in a South Side street, was riding on his bicycle, with a much smaller child seated on the handle bars in front of him.

A lonesome little boy who sat on the front porch of his home called to his mother.

"What is it, dear?" the mother asked.

"Look at the messenger boy," the youngster said in some excitement.

"Well, what's strange about him?"

"Just look what he's got. I believe he is bringing us a little baby brother."

The Ledger Always Is Welcome "Over There."

FROM France an artilleryman sends us this picture of the Ledger "over there." It was his companion when the fight was hottest. Now that the war is over the Ledger will continue to entertain the boys who must stay until Europe is entirely peaceful again. "The Ledger is always a welcome visitor," writes our soldier friend.

A Symbol of Affection

THE heart of the young substitute stood still with fear and expectation of what was to come upon her, for the music of the grand march heralded the fact that room 15 was on its way. Already she could hear the faint tramp, tramp from below.

This martial entry at noon was, in fact, her one moment of weakness. Even after four successful days in room 15, she was still unable to regard lightly the sound of those approaching feet. Coming upon her in this fashion, fifty strong, they hold for her the terror of [illegible] once established in their little seats, they were an absurdly harmless assemblage. She sat at her desk wondering if the time would ever come when she could await any such approach with a feeling only of pleasant anticipation. In another moment she felt the avalanche—as it were—slipping down upon her. An unmistakable stir in the dressing-room, a scuffling of feet, the sound of low mutterings, an occasional giggle, a cloud of dust and then they tumbled in.

But today, instead of making their usual strenuous efforts to "get settled," they seemed bent on making her realize her worst fears. They were so excited that they came in talking under her very eyes. They were seated when Mabel, the "helper," rushed up to the desk breathlessly to ask if she might speak to Jessie, "assistant helper."

"No. There is too much disorder in the room," commanded the substitute teacher. "Sit down."

"But I have to speak. It's about something important."

"I asked you to be seated."

Mabel, always a model of obedience returned to her seat, making signs to Jessie on the way. Conversations in other parts of the room continued with an air of easy sociability. The young substitute drew herself up, her intention being to regain the power that seemed to be slipping from her. Then, to her horror, she saw Mabel, the helper, take an apple from her desk and deliberately roll it to the front of the room.

Mabel, the model child, giggled nervously and turned expectantly toward the others. Suddenly apples rolled from every desk in the room.

"Children! What does this mean?"

A delighted roar of laughter followed

"I want to tell you that every child in this room will be expelled for this," the young substitute cried out at last above the din. "Expelled! Do you understand?"

There was a little murmur of excitement and Mabel, the helper, arose somewhat solemnly.

"It can't be wrong," she said, "because the principal said we could."

"Said you could what?"

But before Mabel could answer fifty throats took up the joyful refrain. "Yes, ma'am, the principal said we could."

"I'm speaking to Mabel. Mabel," the young substitute spoke with an effort to be calm, "tell me when the principal said you could do such a thing."

"Yesterday, when we asked him."

"Who asked him?"

"We did—me and Jessie."

"And—and why?"

If she had noted the surprised, hurt look of fifty innocent faces she would not have put such a question. It was too much for Mabel. The little girl swallowed hard and turned toward the rest of the room.

"It's an apple roll," the chorus shouted.

"Yes, ma'am," nodded Mabel, "it's to show we like you. And you won't be here any more, 'cause you said our own teacher is coming back Monday."

To this Jessie, assistant helper, added "The other teachers they don't mind when we have a fruit shower on them or [illegible] you or—or anything like that. And we only have them once in a while. The children pick them up for you and pile them up on your desk, and then at recess you invite the other teachers in to help you eat them."

"Or do anything you like with them," spoke an eager boy. "Shall we pick them up?"

The situation thus far cleared, the substitute watched with a resigned, white face the scramble that ensued. She smothered a wild feeling of resentment at the established order of things and bravely tried to look pleased. She even accepted one last bit of counsel from Mabel, the helper.

"When we have an apple roll it's like a party. We don't have lessons. Teacher always lets us speak pieces and do things."

As the entertainment progressed the burden of responsibility began to evaporate from the young substitute and before the last bell rang she had entered gayly into the spirit of it all.

However, she had also planned her revenge for those earlier moments of torture.

"Remember," she repeated to the breathless children, "as the ranks are passing the office door, each child is to roll in his apple. Mr. Hayes will understand, of course, but if he should seem surprised be sure to tell him, Mabel, it's an apple roll, and it's to show him you like him. Be careful to roll in every apple."

As the young substitute slipped out the side door a little later she heard the noise in the corridor with exulting heart

"I hope he enjoys it as much as I did," she murmured.

* * *

The Fly Fisher.

GEORGE E F CROSBY, the champion fly caster, said at an angler's dinner in South Bend:

"Gentlemen, I'll conclude my remarks without any mention of the war strategy of the Allies, for I know no more about war strategy than my new housekeeper knows about fly fishing.

"I was getting ready for a week's trout fishing last month when my housekeeper bustled in with some sticky, speckled papers that she started to shove into my grip.

"'What are you doing with those fly papers?' I shouted.

"'I've been saving 'em for you every day, Mr. Crosby,' the ignorant old dame said. 'You know you told me you always had to buy flies when you went fishing.'"

Plenty of Time.

"DON'T waste any pity on us for being up here in the woods at this season of the year," wrote the girl to her best friend in town, who had been sympathizing with her by letter. "We are having a perfect time, and I'm beginning to find out what leisure is—at least I should be finding out if I weren't busy every minute. That sounds contradictory, I know, but the truth is that I am reveling in the kind of leisure that gives me oceans of time to do all the things that I've always been wanting to do.

"Just fancy the delight of having four solid hours of reading every night and then being in bed at 10:30! You see, we have an early dinner and the evening begins promptly at 6, and mother and I sit with our needlework in hand while Brother Will reads us chapter after chapter. Don't you wish you had a chance to get acquainted with Little Nell, Colonel Newcome and Maggie Tulliver again?

"While mother is working on her silk quilt in the mornings, I take an hour or two for magazines and modern novels, and I've actually found that I have a taste for poetry.

"You mustn't think, however, that reading furnishes our only amusement. We have a great deal of other entertainment. The bird banquet which we have set outside our dining-room window is a constant source of interest. We have a piece of salt pork tied to a cedar bough and every morning as we eat our eggs and bacon a black and white woodpecker with a dash of scarlet in his topknot comes and pokes his beak into this brand of breakfast food, which appears just to suit him. He is usually followed by two bluejays that, not being adept at pecking, content themselves with the crumbs which mother keeps under the cedar tree for them.

"We feed the squirrels also. They flash back and forth in front of our windows all day long, jumping from roof to bough and scampering across the snowy lawn with their tails high in the air, like graceful red plumes. Brother Will declares that mother and I are pauperizing these little neighbors of ours, but we insist that our donations will not interfere with their self-reliance.

"But the recreation that Brother Will and I enjoy most is mother's talk! Think of it, in all the years that I've been her daughter I never realized until this autumn what a brilliant talker mother is. Until now we have always been too busy with the everyday affairs of life to converse about anything more important than clothes, housekeeping, entertaining, lists of guests and all the other never-ending details of existence It we hadn't stayed in the country [illegible] might never have known what a wealth of reminiscence and anecdote is stored up in mother's memory. She remembers the stirring days of the Civil War, she passed thru the great Chicago fire, and she pioneered in Alaska before the gold rush. Brother Will and I have heard some thrilling stories these afternoons when the snow or rain has kept us close to the wood fire.

"You mustn't think of us as entirely cut off from the outside world. Every once in a while we see some one from the village. It was only night before last that a man went by with a lantern! Brother Will and I had a heated argument as to whether it was the hired man from the nearest farmhouse or the village clerk who is said to be 'waiting on' the farmer's daughter.

"This morning Brother Will called me from my book to look out of the window to see how congested the traffic was on the highway, with the rural free delivery man's cart and a wagon load of hogs, both in sight at once.

"So, you see, life is far from dull.

"Brother Will has just interrupted my writing to tell me that his morning mail has decided him to move into town early next week.

"Of course I've enjoyed every minute of this long autumn here, but now that I know I shall be back in the midst of things so soon I can hardly wait. Why, I haven't even decided on a winter suit yet, and as for a hat, oh, dear! I suppose the shops are crowded to distraction with Christmas buyers, but I shall not mind that in the least. I shall enjoy mingling and mixing with my kind.

"The country is all right, but—well, it seems a century since I've been to the theater."

* * *

Reason for Suspicion.

A WALL Street man tells this story of a well-known financier, noted alike for his perspicacity and his close-fistedness

Two promoters once called on him to try to arouse his interest in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to him about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that he would let them know his decision in a few days.

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully on the way uptown.

"I don't know," said the other. "He seems very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" echoed the first. "What makes you think he is suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

The Strong Man of Ancient Greece

DID you ever hear the story of Hercules, the strong man? There never was another such strong man lived, and he began to show what he could do when only a child.

Juno had sent two serpents to destroy him, but the baby took the serpents between his little fingers and squeeezed them so tightly that he killed them.

When he was a boy he was going along the road one day when he met Pleasure and Virtue out for a walk. It was just at the crossways, and Pleasure begged him to take one road with her, while Virtue asked him to follow her. Hercules knew that Pleasure was the most charming of the two goddesses, but he decided that it were better to have Virtue always by his side, and so he wisely chose her.

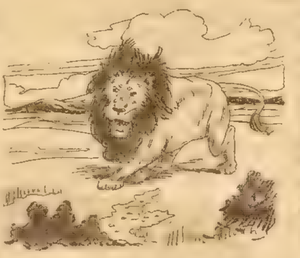
But the greatest thing that he did was what is known as the twelve labors, which he was required to accomplish, and in those days they were much more terrible than they would be nowadays, with all our modern appliances for work. First of all, he had to destroy a lion that lurked in the mountain valley.

Now the lion was in the mountains, but down in the marshes was what was known as the many-headed hydra, which he was ordered to destroy. This was a kind of water serpent and as fast as one head was cut off two sprang in its place. He called his friend Iolaus to him, and between them they easily killed the water serpent.

The next thing was to capture a swift stag, with golden antlers and brazen feet that was the property of the goddess Diana. Before it had been his strength, and now it was his speed that told in performing this labor.

His next labor was a most unwelcome one, but he did not shirk it. King Augeas had some stables where 3,000 head of cattle had been kept for thirty years and they had never been cleaned. Hercules was ordered to cleanse these Augean stables in one day, and how do you suppose he managed to get rid of all this filth? He turned the clear waters of two rivers into the stables, and as quickly as could be, they washed right thru the accumulation and left the stables sweet and clean.

Hercules was then told to bring a par- [illegible] dangerous bull belonging to Minos, King of Crete, and this [illegible]



A Lion Lurked in the Valley.

complished, and he also took alive a wild boar that had been giving trouble in the neighborhood. There were certain kinds of wild birds that lived on flesh that he was ordered to slay; and these he killed. And some horses that fed on human flesh he also captured.

He was ordered to bring the belt of Hippolyte, and some say that he had to kill her to get it, but, at any rate he got it, and she was queen of the Amazons, a warlike race of women.

There was a king named Geryon who had some wonderful oxen, which were fed with human flesh, and Hercules was ordered to bring the herds to Argos. As the king had three bodies and three heads, you may imagine it was something of a task, but he finally killed the king and brought the much-desired oxen. Some golden apples kept in a garden and guarded by a dragon were very much desired. Three nymphs, the Hesperides, were guardians of the garden, but he succeeded in getting the apples.

The last task was perhaps the hardest of all. There was a dog named Cerberus, down in the lower regions, a terrible creature with three heads, a serpent's tail and a snaky mane. This dog guarded the portals to the place of evil, into which he allowed departed spirits to pass but never allowed them to come out again. Hercules overcame the dog, [illegible] ended his labors.

The Fairies' Ball.

"YOU haven't told us a story about the fairies for ever so long daddy," said Evelyn.

"Yes; that's true," agreed Jack. "Won't you please tell us one this evening?"

"Let me think," said daddy. "Did I ever tell you about the masquerade ball they gave?"

"No,' said Evelyn. "Do tell us about it.'

"You know," continued daddy, "a masquerade ball is a very special kind of ball, for at it every one dresses up in fancy costumes so that no one will know who it is.

'The fairies thought it would be such fun to have a masquerade ball. They spoke to the fairy queen about it, and she was just as enthusiastic.

'I think it would be splendid,' she said. Let's have it tomorrow evening at 8 sharp.'

"The next night promptly at 8 all the fairies gathered together. There were witches, wiseacres, dunces, dominoes, Japs, jesters, milkmaids, clowns, cowboys, princes, kings, queens, soldiers, etc. They were to wear masks till supper time.

But one fairy seemed to be the center of admiration. She was a little Scotch lassie. She wore a velvet jacket and a plaited plaid skirt. Her little legs were bare, and on her feet were black velvet slippers with shiny buckles on them.

The fairies talked to one another in their disguised voices so no one would be able to recognize them by their voices. The little Scotch lassie didn't speak at all, but she danced the Highland fling, and it completely fascinated all the fairies.

'At last supper time came, and they all eagerly watched to see who every one was, and especially the little Scotch lassie. And who do you suppose it was?"

"Could it have been the queen?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes, indeed; that is just who it was. They all at once said, 'Fairy queen, you've taken the prize.'

"'But I can't accept my own prize,' said she.

"'You must,' said all the fairies, 'for you are perfectly marvelous.'

"'Well, that's a funny thing, to offer a prize and then to keep it. But anyway, I can divide it, as it is a box of sugar plums.'

"Goodie!" they all cried."

◆

A Disappointed Dog.

A YOUNG lady came into a city dry goods store on a shopping expedition, having for a companion a large, handsome dog. He was a pointer, and the manner in which he trotted sedately along and kept out of everybody's way showed that he was as intelligent as handsome. In fact, you would hardly have known there was a dog in the store, until the young lady, having made her purchase, the shop girl put the check and the money in a wooden ball and sent it along the "cash railway."

At the first "whiz" the dog pricked up his ears, and the next instant he started after the ball as if he were morally sure it was some new kind of a bird. Past the crowds of buyers, in and out and between hundreds of people, the pointer dashed until the ball disappeared from view. Then he looked puzzled and humiliated, and was coming back to his indignant mistress when the ball came whizzing on its return trip.

This time the dog expressed his feelings by short yelps as he flew after his game, and this time he took the short route along the counter and fetched up in front of the shop girl, leaving behind him a trail of dismayed shoppers. Then the ball was given him to investigate, and a more disappointed dog was never seen.

◆

Got There.

PERSHING was born poor, writes a contributor to Boy's Life. His father, who was laying rails for a railroad when the boy was born, lived in a one-story cabin at Laclede, Mo., and right from the start the boy had to stand on his own feet. He was not brilliant, but he was a hard worker. As he grew up he was ambitious to be a lawyer, but it cost money to study law and he had no money.

Many boys would have quit right there. Pershing was made of sterner stuff. In a Missouri newspaper he read a notice of a competitive examination for an appointment at West Point. Many of the rich boys of the district were after that appointment. The outlook was not encouraging, but Pershing was used to fighting for what he wanted. With that bulldog grit of his he faced his lessons, grappled them, held them, mastered them. When the examination papers were graded, Pershing, the section foreman's son, was first by a single point.

He had correctly answered one question on which all the others had failed.

The "Flu."

A FATHER ruefully gazed on his last shilling: "Money has wings and house rents make it fly," he bemoaned.

"Yes," said his 15-year-old-son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, my son; but I always thought that no part of the house except the chimney flue."

Poser for Teacher

IN A LESSON on the significance of colors a Sunday school teacher used as an illustration the wearing of white by brides, a wedding, he explained, being an occasion of joy and happiness. He had previously told the class that black signified grief and mourning, which accounted, perhaps, for the question asked by one of the little boys. "Then why," said the little chap, "does a bridegroom always wear black?"

WHEN NEURALGIA ATTACKS NERVES

Sloan's Liniment scatters the congestion and relieves pain

A little, applied without rubbing, will penetrate immediately and rest and soothe the nerves.

Sloan's Liniment is very effective in allaying external pains, strains, bruises, aches, stiff joints, sore muscles, lumbago, neuritis, sciatica, rheumatic twinges.

Keep a big bottle always on hand for family use. Druggists everywhere. 30c, 60c, $1.20.

Sloan's Liniment Kills Pain

SAVE $15.00

Our low prices for made to measure clothes will save you $15 a suit. All extras free, delivery charges prepaid.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

No sale unless you are well pleased. Send us your name and address for beautiful cloth samples, style book, inside prices, tapeline, etc. Fine chance for agents. Big easy money —drop us a card today.

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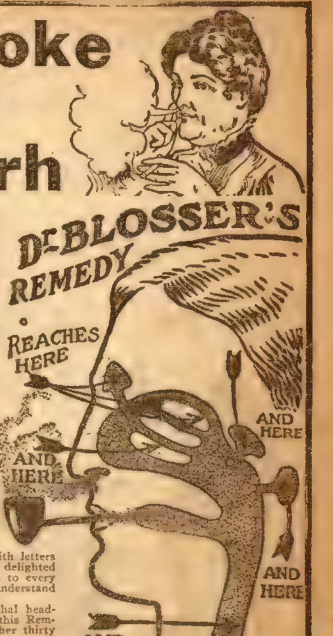
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.



Medicated Smoke Drives Out Catarrh

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It usually begins with a cold in the head or nostrils. An uncured cold results in Catarrh. The mucous membranes of the head, nose and throat become inflamed and congested and give out a filthy, catarrhal discharge. This discharge is ladened with the catarrhal germs which spread to the mucous linings of the throat, larynx, bronchial tubes, lungs, etc. Herein is its greatest danger. Catarrh often produces partial or total deafness. It affects the eyes; sense of taste; produces sore throat, bronchial irritation and frequently paves the way for consumption.

A PLEASANT SMOKE FROM HERBS, LEAVES, FLOWERS AND BERRIES
(CONTAINS NO TOBACCO)

Dr. Blosser, a respected physician, and for forty-four years an enormously successful specialist in Catarrh, is the originator of a combination of medical herbs, flowers and berries, to be smoked in a pipe or ready prepared cigarette. In the process of smoking this vapor reaches the air passages of the head, nose and throat, when inhaled, AS SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION. The warm, healing, antiseptic vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. Dr. Blosser's Remedy fights and kills the catarrhal germs where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. His Remedy is pleasant, simple and convenient, so it may be used at home by man, woman or child. It is entirely harmless, CONTAINS NO TOBACCO or habit forming drugs. No matter how severe or long-standing your case may be, you should know what this Remedy will do for you.

SEND TEN CENTS FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

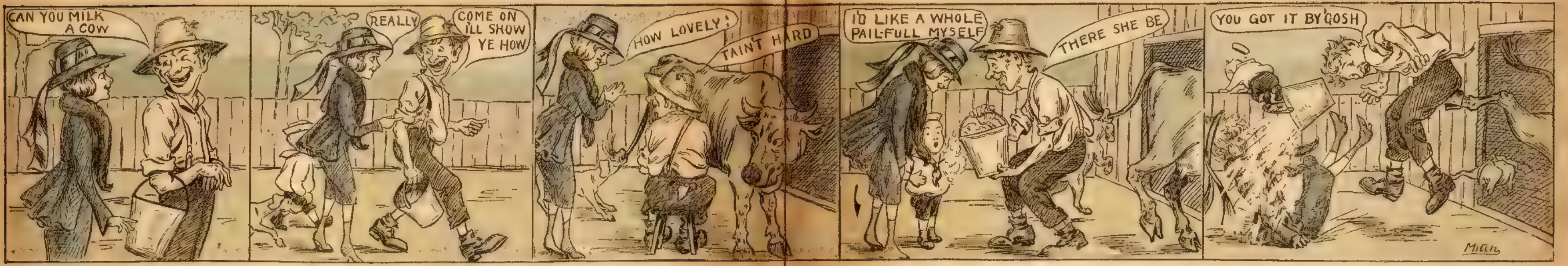
Write a letter enclosing ten cents (in coin or stamps), and mail to The Blosser Company, and they will send you a liberal Trial Outfit of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, containing a bag of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe, a dainty new pipe, and also some of the ready prepared cigarettes. From this Trial Outfit you can decide which form of the Remedy you prefer.

They will also send you an illustrated booklet explaining about Catarrh, together with letters from customers who have used this Remedy with satisfactory results. You will be delighted with this Remedy when you see how its pleasant, warm, medicated smoke vapor goes to every spot, relieving the congestion, opening up the air passages, and you will readily understand why this Remedy is becoming so generally used.

If you suffer from Catarrh, asthma, bronchial irritation, catarrhal deafness, catarrhal headaches, or if you are subject to frequent colds, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this Remedy. The regular package of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy costs $1.25 by mail (either thirty days' supply for the pipe or one hundred cigarettes). If you suffer from Catarrh, you should order a regular package today, or send ten cents for the Trial Outfit to

THE BLOSSER COMPANY, Box 4228 ATLANTA, GA.

LOVESICK LULU - - LULU GETS A NEW HAT AND MAKES A HIT WITH THE HIRED MAN


CAN YOU MILK A COW
REALLY
COME ON I'LL SHOW YE HOW
HOW LOVELY!
TAIN'T HARD
I'D LIKE A WHOLE PAIL-FULL MYSELF
THERE SHE BE
YOU GOT IT BY GOSH

Are They Indecent?

Miss Jane Addams, at a Hull House tea, told a story about the 1918 fashions.

"A Chicago inventor," she said, "after years of poverty, sold a new kind of depth bomb to the Government. The Government paid him liberally, and the day the check arrived he turned to his poor, shabby wife and said with tears in his eyes:

"'Well, old girl, you can now get yourself some decent clothes at last.'

"'I'll do nothing of the kind,' she said 'I'll get the same sort that all the other women are wearing.'"

◆

Fitted.

The tailor called to collect a bill from the struggling author.

"I will be able to meet my every obligation just as soon as I finish this new [illegible] 'The Tale From [illegible] Shop[illegible]' [illegible]

"If [illegible] nature of an adv[illegible] I think you had better call it 'The [illegible]' [illegible] the tailor [illegible] the difficulty [illegible] had in locating [illegible]

One Grand Refrain.

"Before [illegible] married life w[illegible] grand sweet song.'

Benedict (gloomily)—"Yes, and since then I've found it one grand, sweet refrain."

Bachelor—[illegible]

Benedict—"Yes, my w[illegible] I refrain from cards, refrain from smoking and refrain from the club.'

◆

Those Congested Mails.

"Does your son write often from the front?"

"Twice a week."

"So you get letters every Wednesday and Saturday."

"No. One every six weeks is the average."

◆

Seldom Used.

He—"I flatter myself that I have a well-stored mind."

She—"Do you ever take it out of storage?"

◆

Wants All the Privileges Listed.

"It's either work or fight."

"Before I make my decision I should like to know how many hours a day I shall have to myself if I elect to fight?"

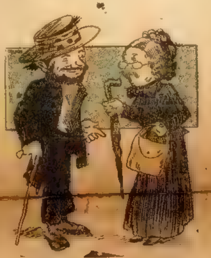
Topographical Exactitude.

"And where were you torpedoed?"

"Well, we was struck right under the bridge, miss."

"Dear, dear! How dreadful! Now, tell me, was that London Bridge or the Tower?"

◆



Hobo—"Yes'm, I wunst had a good job [illegible] on me."

Lady—"[illegible] How did it happen to [illegible]"

Hobo—"S[illegible] went home to her f[illegible]"

◆

Little Johnny's Query.

Little Johnny was watching his mother knit, suddenly he said: "Mother, are you making a dammet?"

"A what?" she inquired.

"Why, a dammet, like Uncle Helen was making."

"This is a helmet, dear, if that is what you mean," she replied.

"Well," said the little fellow, "I knew there was some swear word about it."

◆

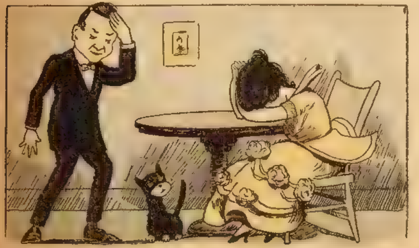
Supporting the Family.

"How does your neighbor, the poet, spend his time?"

"Chiefly, it seems, in taking in the scenery."

"And how does his wife spend hers?"

"In taking in washing."



Mrs. Justwed (sobbing)—"I would go home to my mother tomorrow, only that it might discourage my sister Jane's beau!'

War Saver.

Representative Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, was talking about the luxury tax.

"The luxury tax will bring in a lot of money," he said, "and of course it will also stir up a lot of grumbling. A good many people like to talk cheerfully about war economics and war work and so on, but when it comes to actually handing out their hard cash or actually fighting in the trenches, then it's a different story.

"Too many of us are like a rich man I know. This rich man started off on a round of golf the other morning.

"'High tee, sir?' said his caddie, taking up a pinch of sand.

"'No, my boy—flat on the ground,' said [illegible] 'We must save all the sand we can for sand bags.'"

◆

The Game and the Candle.

[illegible] idea of heaven, but since war flour came and [illegible] he hadn't been [illegible]

[illegible] coming into the kitchen one afternoon, saw Bobbie gazing at a dish of newly baked tarts.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked sharply.

[illegible]

"Wondering [illegible] You [illegible] those tarts, I hope?"

"Not yet, mother," said Bobby. "I was just wondering if they're nice enough to be whipped for."

◆

Delayed References.

Old Goldrock's chauffeur had joined the Army and he had decided that now he would enlist the services of a woman driver for his car. When a young woman appeared in answer to his advertisement she was asked for references.

"Well, sir, I haven't one now, but I could get one in a month or two," she said.

"Yes, but why the delay?" asked Goldrocks.

"It's like this, sir. My last employer is in the hospital at present."

◆

Lazy Man.

Representative Harvey Helm, of Kentucky, told in a war tax argument a story about a lazy man.

"I once asked this man," said Mr. Helm, "how, since he couldn't read, he managed to put in the time day after day without doing a stroke of work.

"The lazy man yawned, took a chew of tobacco and answered:

"'Wall, Congressman Helm, sometimes I sets an' thinks, an' then ag'in I jest sets.'"

◆

Would Work It Out.

Doctor—"You owe me a bill of $25."

Patient—"Well, if I had a job I might pay you. Can't you give me a job?"

Doctor—"What kind of a job could I give you?"

Patient—"Well, you might give me a job collecting the bill."

◆

Sarcastic.

"James proposed marriage to me last night."

"And you accepted him?"

"No, I told him I wasn't competing with either the Army or Navy in enlisting recruits."

◆

She Wants to Know.

"Whaddye do down town so much evenings?" demanded Mrs. Gnagg, who reads the newspapers.

"Why, I—I——"

"Whaddye do? Baseball is over and politics is adjourned."

HER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I cannot sweep, I cannot sew,
I cannot do the cooking;
Now, if a useful wife you want,
For me you are not looking."

He said, "Because you cannot sew,
I do not give a hang. Oh,
I'm asking you to be my wife,
So well you do the tango!"

◆

Suitable Diet.

"Boo, hoo!"

"Why the weeps?"

"My husband growls all the time at my angel cake."

"Well, if I had a husband that growled all the time I'd feed him on dog biscuit."

Not Ambitious.

"What are you doing? Building a castle in the air?"

"Nope. Just planning a modest bungalow."

◆

Harvesting.

"Don't you think her voice ought to be cultivated?"

"No, I think it should be harvested."

Over the Roof.

The welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling. "Are you not afraid to live here? I do not see any fire escape."

"Law, no miss! I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me I makes my getaway over the roof."

◆

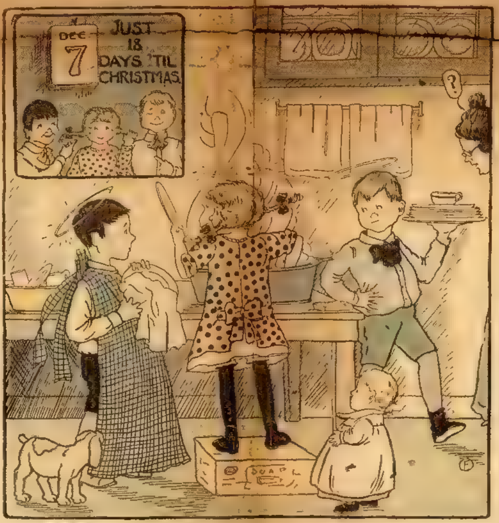
Huge Success.

"Well," exclaimed Noah as they landed on Ararat, "this trip has indeed been a success."

"In what way?"

"We have conducted the entire excursion without a fight or an accident."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG



He Wanted No Mistake.

Dentist (to clerk)—"How many patients are waiting in the anteroom?"

Clerk—"None, sir."

Dentist—"Are you sure you have counted right?"

◆

Defining Them.

"The dog days were particularly trying to the patience this year."

"They weren't regular dog days. They were dachshund days."

Real Small.

Customer—"Send up a quarter's worth of boiled ham."

"All right, sir. Anything else?"

"Yes, if my wife isn't home tell the boy to put it thru the keyhole."

The Limit.

"What are you so grouchy about?"

"Had a bum breakfast this morning."

"I know. These pesky cooks——"

"It was worse than that. Had to get it myself."

◆

Seeing Hard Service.

"I see your husband has been awarded the French war cross."

"Yes. Won't it make a lovely brooch for me when he comes home?"

Brain Teasers.

Letter Puzzle.

151—Express with five letters and a period a sentence of six words, containing sixteen letters.

Cities Within Cities.

152—1. What college town in Ohio contains a New Hampshire [illegible]

2. What town in New Hampshire contains a town in Vermont?

3. What city in Tennessee contains a city in North Carolina?

4. What city in Massachusetts contains a city in Delaware.

5. What city in Florida contains a city in Mississippi?

6. What city in New York [illegible] Maine coast town.

7. What city in New York contains a city in Utah?

8. What town in [illegible] contains a city in New York?

Reversed Magic Square.

153—

8	1	6
7	5	3
2	9	4

Add up the rows, columns and diagonals separately and it will be found that [illegible] of the eight rows gives the same total—[illegible]

Now, rearrange eight of the figures, the 5 remaining in the middle square, so as to produce eight totals, no two alike.

Pied Words.

154—1. Two O's, two N's, one M, one P,
One A, one I, also one C.
If placed in order, the letters true
Name one who'll share whatever you do.

2. Take four S's, if you please,
And for each one an eye,
An M and two P's add to them,
A body of water you'll descry.

3. One H, one S, two O's and a T,
Two W's, two R's, in addition to D,
Will make, if arranged in order aright,
A poet you all have read with delight.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

147. Anagram.

[illegible]

148. Americans.

1. Edison. 2. Pershing. 3. Garfield. 4. Hoover. 5. Gibson. 6. Burroughs. [illegible] Daniels. 8. Roosevelt.

149. Composite Word.

Hallowe'en (Ha, Hal, we, all, e'en, hall, owe, allow, low).

150. The Missing Link.

The farmer will save six cents by buying a new chain.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

◆

His Status.

"As nearly as I can determine," said the supercilious young woman, "you are what they call a literary hack."

"No," replied the young man wearily, "I'm not even a hack; I'm a jitney."—Life.

◆

Church Neglected.

Bacon—"You say he has insomnia very bad?"

Egbert—"Yes, awfully."

"How has it affected him?"

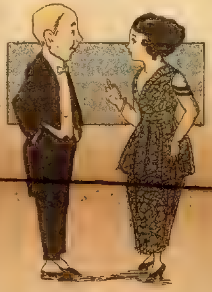
"He's quit going to church."

Cribbing Bill.

She—"I see you quoted Shakespeare in your speech, Senator."

He—"Oh, that's all right—I guess he won't take advantage of the advertising to run against me in the primaries."—Judge.

◆



Did your father complain about my staying so late last night?"

On the contrary, he asked me how I could be so rude as to let you get away without your breakfast.'

◆

Stirring in It.

A noted humorist had often petitioned the council of the town where he resides to fill up a mudhole near his house, but without result.

One night he heard a spluttering noise and sundry loud ejaculations, and going to his door, he found a respected member of the town council floundering about in the mudhole.

"Good evening, sir. I am glad to see you are stirring in this matter at last," and so saying he closed the door and left the poor councillor to extricate himself as best he could.

Too Useful to Lose.

The great detective stood before the rich merchant, waiting for his instructions.

"It's this way," began the merchant. "I've been robbed of hundreds of pounds. A rascal has gone about the country pretending to be a collector of ours. He has simply coined money. Why, in a week he collected more than all our travelers put together. He must be found as quickly as possible. Spare no expense."

"Right," said the detective. "Within a week he will be in prison."

"Prison! What do you mean?" cried the merchant. "I don't want him arrested. I want to engage him."

◆

A Curious Thing.

Spencer Ludlow, the California prison expert, said at a dinner in Los Angeles:

"I visited a large reformatory today. The superintendent pointed out a certain ward, and he told me that a very [illegible] one of the [illegible] of [illegible] ward [illegible]

"What [illegible] to him," I asked [illegible]

"[illegible] tory gave him a solemn look.

"'He reformed' said he."

◆

Depravity.

Representative Park Trammell, of Florida, said the other day:

"The Germans can't open their mouths without revealing depravity. Whenever I read a German statesman's speech I think of old Aunt Sukey.

"'Mah old man,' said Aunt Sukey, 'mah old man am dat fond of chicken dat if he couldn't git it no other way he'd—hyah, hyah, hyah!—he'd buy it!'"

◆

Looking Backward.

"You remember we met on a railway train?"

"I remember."

"And that meeting led to our marriage."

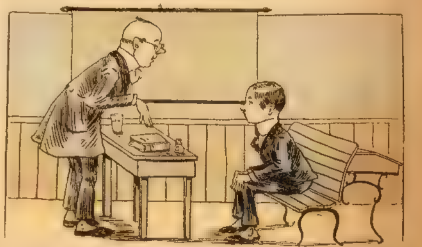
"I remember I ran after that train too. Had I been lucky enough to stub my toe, I'd have missed it."

◆

The Great Difference.

"What has become of Flubdub? He used to be very fussy about his food and his drinks. People called him a crank."

"He fell heir to a fortune. He's known as a connoisseur now."



The Dean—"You must not think it beneath your dignity to bow to authority. Remember, there is One whom even I must obey."

The Sophomore—"Meaning your wife, huh"

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GENTLE JABS

Pluck is the stepfather of success.

Practical experience is a death blow to illusions.

Uneasy rests the aching tooth that wears a crown.

Man may be made of dust, but he doesn't always settle.

A witty girl is often a drug in the matrimonial market.

Don't believe all the good things you hear about yourself.

Undertakers lose out when the dead past buries its dead.

It sometimes happens that wrath discourages a soft answer.

[illegible] man's intentions are several ahead of his actions.

Don't worry if your sins find you out; they will be sure to call again.

Many a girl catches a husband by baiting her hook with indifference.

Thanks are so cheap that there is no excuse for giving them grudgingly.

You never realize how dearly you have paid for your whistle until you try to sell it.

The up-to-date train robber finds it more profitable to conduct a railway restaurant.

Samson might have escaped with his hair had not that female barber talked him to sleep.

A football match is an imitation of two baseball teams taking a hard fall out of the umpire.

Many a man who says that he has great presence of mind manages successfully to conceal it.

A man in trouble is apt to discover that his friends are not quite as friendly as they might be.

When a young man proposes to a girl, she is apt to refer him to her father merely as a matter of form.

About two-thirds of the people who attend church can't tell an hour later what the minister talked about.

It is surprising how near a young widow can come to proposing to a man without actually doing so.

The girl who is the most popular with men in general is the most apt to make one man miserable for life.

Tell a child that it is good, a man that he is great, a woman that she is beautiful, and they will all applaud your judgment.

It is easier for a needle to go thru the eye of a camel than it is for a woman to pass thru a room without glancing in the mirror.

The "would-be" humorist rubs it in on the mother in law occasionally, but, realizing on which side his bread is buttered, he lets the father-in-law alone.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

EVERY one is familiar with the old saw, "Straws show which way the wind blows." But do you apply it to your daily life? Little things, not much in themselves, may have the most far-reaching effect on big things. Several years ago John D. Rockefeller was asked what was the principal secret of his success. "I saved the pennies," he replied and people said: "That's the way with these rich men. They won't tell you the secret of how they made their money." But Rockefeller told the truth. He did not have a cent when he was a boy and he started out to save the pennies that came his way. Pennies, in his case, made millions later on. At least, they were the starting point of his fortune.

IN CHICAGO there is a restaurant man who has had the gospel of little things pounded into him by just one incident. He owns a nice place, his cook is a master of the range, his food is the best he can buy, his prices are reasonable. With this combination he ought to be making money hand over fist. He is doing it now, but it was a street car motorman who showed him how to do it. This restaurant man always had a good trade in nice weather. But let it rain or let it snow or the weather become bad and his customers dropped off in large numbers. "Don't people eat in bad weather as well as good?" he asked himself a hundred times as he tried to guess the reason. One day the motorman was eating a modest sandwich and cup of coffee at the counter. He noticed a few customers in the place at what usually is a busy hour. He mentioned it to the owner. "It's always that way in bad weather," was the reply. "I wish I knew why." The motorman didn't say anything just then, but a few days later, on a stormy day, he brought up the subject again. "I see a large number of your steady customers across the street in that other restaurant," he said. "Yes," was the reply. "I'll show you why," said the motorman. "Put on your hat and get an umbrella and come with me."

THE restaurant man complied. On the street the umbrella was raised. The two men walked a half block and the motorman suggested they go back. "But the reason, man, the reason why my customers desert me in bad weather," pleaded the restaurant man. "You will learn it in a moment," replied the motorman. They retraced their steps to the restaurant. The owner let down his [illegible] swung open the storm door. A gust of wind buffeted him, the rain dashed into his face and over his clothes, water was spilled down his neck. The motorman was wetted even more. Between the outer and the inner door they paused to shake themselves, two dripping human beings. Then they jockeyed back and forth in the narrow space to get the second door swung open so they could pass into the restaurant. "There is your answer," said the motorman. "People come here, your doors swing outward instead of swinging freely in either direction. They have to let down their umbrellas before they can get thru the first door. They have but little room to stand when they go to open the second door. If a man and woman come here both get wet trying to get into your place. They won't come here in bad weather for that reason." The next day the doors that swung outward came off. Replacing them were doors that swung freely in both directions. The restaurant man has no complaint to make now of poor trade in bad weather.

AN AUTOMOBILE repair man paid $200 for his experience along the same line. A car owner who always had his work done at this place telephoned one day to have his car towed in. "It has quit running," he said. "I don't know what is the matter." The car was taken to the repair shop. The repair man tried to start it. It didn't respond. "Something wrong with the engine," he said and took the engine to pieces, cleaned it, put in some new parts he thought were a little worn. Still it wouldn't run. He took out the battery and had it charged. He did this and he did that and still it wouldn't run. The owner was angry, the repair man in despair. "I don't know what is wrong," he confessed. Nearby stood a chauffeur. He walked up to the car, raised the hood, looked inside, worked with his hands for a minute then stepped back. "Start your car. It will run now," he said. And it did. "A wire not in plain view was broken. I spliced it," he said. The owner could have done that himself or had it done for a quarter at most. He didn't pay the repair man's bill of $200, because the repair man had not learned to look for a little thing that might be to blame for the car stopping.

THERE are hundreds of such incidents. It doesn't pay to overlook the little things. Some of them may be only little things with little effect on big things. Upon other little things great things may depend. "Straws show which way the wind blows." Watch the straws and you will not go wrong.

The Editor.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Greenville Indignation.

HIDEOUS PAINTED WOMEN.

To the Editor of the News:

Sir: I just want to speak a few words to the grls on the subject of painted cheeks. Very often I have thought of writing about rouged faces, and now it seems as tho I can restrain my thoughts no longer on account of so many young girls and older women one sees on the street with their faces with drug store beauty. It disgusts me greatly to see girls with faces painted more than an Indian warrior would paint his face when he goes on the warpath. Surely, if you girls just knew the unpleasant remarks the boys pass on you who paint, you would never paint again. But who is to blame? You, because you give them cause for such remarks. This type of girls are courting criticism, so you deserve the remarks that are passed. No boy wants his sister to look like a clown going down the street with him.

LILLIE STROUPE.
—Greenville (S. C.) News

Want ad from the Waverly (Iowa) Democrat:

STOLEN—Pistol, from under my pillow while sleeping in camp. If the thief will return it, I will be glad to give him its contents.
T. C. Hullman.

The Lady Has the Last Word.

Notice—My wife, Olga Jahnke Griffiths, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any bills she may contract. JOHN GRIFFITHS.

Notice—I was forced to leave my bed, and not John Griffiths' bed as stated; also his uncle's board, instead of his, on account of trouble, as he did not furnish me as much as a plate to eat from.

OLGA JAHNKE GRIFFITHS.
—From the Burlington (Wis.) Free Press.

"The Crowded Hour."

The Press editor has so much to take up his full time and attention and with sickness in the family, and no help to be had, it is quite likely that all of his time will be taken up with necessary election publishing and campaign printing and, therefore, but very little attention can possibly be spared the local department of the paper until after election.—Fairbury (S. D.) Press.

[illegible] Those Interested.

Having just been presented with a copy of "Hand to Hand Fighting," by one of the Army camp instructors, the thought occurs that the author may be glad to learn that Mary Haymaker of Washington, Pa., has been visiting Mrs. I. F. Twist of Rochester, Ill, and that Mrs. Lester Kick lives in Warrensburg, this commonwealth.

Pisanous.

To Whom It May Concern: You are hereby notified that Annetta Pisan, my wife, has left my bed and board and I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her. LUCAZ PISAN.
—Michigan City (Ind.) News.

All Hogs.

A citizen calls the attention of the Star to the fact that it is a violation of stock law for hogs to run at large without a caretaker being with them. And he says some citizens in his community are committing that offense.—North Arkansas Star.

The Ministering Immortal, Thou!

If I should get the influenz'
I'd pin my faith to Miss Flo Wens
To pull me thru—I might do worse.
She's an Aberdeen, South Dakota, nurse.

An Innocent Abroad.

Mrs. Harry Innocent of Seattle, Wash., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia Price, for the past month, left Saturday for St. Louis.—Marion (Ill.) Post.

Unconscious Humor.

The Journal of the American Bankers' Association reports the arrest of "a negress known as Anna Carter." She is, adds the Journal, "slender build, dark complexion."

The Versatile Fire Whistle.

The fire whistle blew the tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner" as it closed its alarm.—Hillsboro News in the Springfield (Ill.) News-Record.

Shep Was Abdicated.

Lost—Yellow and brown shepherd dog by name of Kizer. Please notify 1305 10th ave.—Antigo (Wis.) Journal.

Right, at That.

An inspired compositor on the St. Joseph, Mo., Gazette made it the German "lynasty."

This Tells the Story.

"King Boris of Bulgaria Abdicates His Thrown."
—St. Louis (Mo.) Republic.

Bringing to a Splendid Conclusion a Wonderful Story of Love and Adventure

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

A Review of the Story

LED by an Eskimo dog which finds him in Madison Square, Paul Hewlett, who has lately left the employ of Tom Carson on coming into some money, sees a lovely, frightened girl leave a notorious gambling den. He rescues her from two men, then takes her to his own apartment, since he can find no other shelter for her. Impelled by intangible fear, he goes back to find her crouching dazedly against the wall, a bloody knife in her hand, and a dead man on the floor. He learns her name is Jacqueline, that she is married, and that she lives north of Quebec. He gets rid of the dead man, and the next day, after a brush with Simon Leroux, a crook whose plans include the capture of Jacqueline, they start for Quebec. They then prepare for a trip to Golden River, where Jacqueline's father, Charles Duchaine, has a chateau. Paul, who tells the story, is attacked and knocked out. He comes to, to find that Jacqueline has been spirited away. Captain Dubois rescues her, and they steam on to St. Boniface. There they engage a dog team to take them to the chateau, and the journey begins happily. On the way the dogs die of poison. Paul forgets his snow glasses and one morning, on awaking, Jacqueline remembers the murder and flees. Paul runs after her, and finds that he is snow blind. Leroux, who is following, mocks Paul and leaves him in the snow while he carries off the girl. Guided by an Eskimo dog, Pere Antoine finds Paul and rescues him. He then informs Paul that he has married Jacqueline to her cousin. Duchaine, Jacqueline's father, is a half-wit absorbed in roulette. Leroux practically owns the seignory, and demands that Paul leave. He has plans for murdering him, which Paul finds out from Pierre Caribou, an Indian retainer of Duchaine's, who hates Leroux. On returning thru the mountain to murder Leroux, Paul finds that the tunnels are full of gold. His plans miscarry, and he is made a captive. The insane Duchaine saves the day Jacqueline, M. Duchaine and Paul, led by the old Indian, find a hiding place. But M. Duchaine escapes them, and returns to Leroux. Paul fights with Leroux and his gang in the tunnel. Jacqueline is shot, and Paul prepares to surrender her and himself to Leroux.

This story began in the Ledger Number 44, dated November 2. Copies containing previous chapters can be obtained either thru the office of publication or from our newsdealers or agents.

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CHAPTER XXIII

LEROUX'S DIABLE

I WENT back toward the cave. But I could not bring myself to see Jacqueline.

Instead, I paced the tunnel, to and fro, wondering what my life was going to be in the future. Less than three weeks before no thought of love had stirred me, and Jacqueline was undreamed of. Now she had entered into my heart, and twined herself inextricably around its roots.

[illegible] would love her till I died, I did not doubt at all.

Her last words had been in the nature of a farewell. There was no more to say. Not even good-by. I must go, before that old, insatiable longing for her arose in me again.

I saw her in my mind's eyes as clearly as tho she stood before me. Her loving, gracious presence, her sweet, pure face, her courage, her tenderness—all these were for Leroux. Nothing remained for me, except my memories.

I should have to make a great deal of my life. I had always believed that life was only a prelude to greater and finer things. I was not sure; I am not sure today; but if the life that is to come is not the realization of our unfulfilled desires, then nothing matters here. I was thinking of that as I paced the tunnel. And in that way I felt that, in a measure, Jacqueline was still mine.

"Everything that is free," she had said to me, "thoughts, will and dreams." That part was mine; and that could never be taken away.

I had reached the verge of the cataract, and stood beside the little platform, looking down. There was no star now like that which had guided me in the morning, but the sky was fair and the air was mild. I gazed in awe at the great stream of water, sending its ceaseless current down into the troubled lake below

How many ages it had done that! Yet even that must end some day, as everything ends—even life, thank God!

And then I saw Lacroix again. I was sure of it now. He was peering after me from among the rocks, and, as I turned, he was scuttling away into the tunnel.

I followed him. I had always mistrusted the man; more, even, than Leroux. I felt that his furtive presence there portended something more evil than my own fate and Jacqueline's must be.

I followed him hotly; but he must have known every fissure in the cliff, for he vanished before my eyes, apparently thru the solid rock, and when I reached the place of his disappearance I could find no sign of any passage there.

Well, there was no use in following him further. I paced the tunnel restlessly. The sleigh ought to be at the mine in five minutes more. I turned back to take a last look at the cataract. The sublime grandeur of those thousand tons of water, shot from the glacier's edge above, still held me in its spell of awe. I cast my eyes toward the chateau, and over the frozen lake toward the distant, unknown mountains.

Then I turned resolutely away.

And at that moment I heard Leroux's voice hailing me, and looked round to see him emerge from the tunnel at my side. He was staring in bewilderment at the cataract.

"By God, Hewlett, I don't know what possessed me to take the wrong turn tonight," he swore. "I have come thru that tunnel a hundred times, and never missed the path before."

He swung round petulantly, and at that moment a shadow glided out of the darkness and stood in front of him. It was Pierre Caribou, lean, sinewy, and old. He blocked the path and faced Leroux in silence.

[illegible] him, and an oath broke from his lips as he read the other's purpose upon his face. Squaring his mighty shoulders and clinching his fists, he leaped at him headlong

Pierre stepped quietly aside, and Simon measured his full length within the tunnel. But, when he had scrambled to his feet with a bellowing challenge, Pierre was in front of him again.

"What are you here for?" roared Leroux, but in a quavering voice that did not sound like his own. "Get out of the way, or I'll smash your face!"

The Indian still blocked the passage. "Your time come now, Simon. All finish now," he answered.

Simon drew back a pace and watched him, and I heard him breathing like one who has run a race.

"You come here one, two year ago," Pierre continued. "You eat up home of M. Duchaine, my master You eat up all, come back, eat up some more. Then you sell Mlle. Jacqueline to Louis d'Epernay You made her run 'way to New York. I ask your diable when your time come. Your diable he say, wait I wait Mlle Jacqueline come back. I ask your diable again. He say wait some more. Now your diable tell me he send you here tonight because your time come. and all finish now"

The face that Simon turned on me was not in the least like his own. It was that of a hopeless man who knows that everything he had prized is lost. He had never cowered before any one in his life, I think, but he cowered now before Pierre Caribou.

"Hewlett!" he cried in a high-pitched, quavering voice, "help me throw this old fool out of the way."

I spoke to Pierre. "Our quarrel is at an end," I said "I am going away. You must go, too"

Pierre Caribou did not relax an inch of ground

Then a roar burst from Leroux's lips, and he flung himself upon the Indian in the same desperate way as he had on me, and in an instant the two men were struggling at the edge of the platform.

It was impossible for me to intervene, and I could only stand by and stare in horror. And, as I stared, I saw the face of Lacroix among the rocks again, peering out, with an evil smile upon his lips.

Whether they fought in silence, or whether in sound I do not know, for the noise of the cataract rendered the battle a dumb pantomime.

Pierre had pulled the Frenchman out to the middle of the ledge and was trying to force him over. But Leroux was clinging with one hand to the cliff and with the other he beat savagely upon his enemy's face, so that the blood covered both of them. But Pierre did not seem to feel the blows

Leroux, one-handed, was at a disadtantage. He grasped his antagonist again, and the death-grapple began.

It was a marvel that they could engage in so terrific a fight upon the ice-coated ledge and hold their balance there. But I saw that they were in equipoise, for they were bending all the tension of each muscle to the fight, so that they remained almost motionless, and, thigh to thigh, arm to arm, breast to breast, each sought to break the other's strength. And I saw that, when one was broken, he would not yield slowly, but, having spent the last of his strength, would collapse like a crumpled cardboard figure, and go down into the boiling lake.

The cataract's half-sphere of crystal clearness framed them as tho they formed some dreadful picture

They bent and swayed, and now Leroux was forcing Pierre's head and shoulders backward by the weight of his bull's body. But the Indian's sinews, toughened by years of toil to steel, held fast; and just as Leroux, confident of victory, shifted his feet and inclined forward, Pierre changed his grasp and caught him by the throat.

Leroux's face blackened and his eyes started out. His great chest heaved, and he tore impotently at his enemy's strong fingers that were shutting out air and light and consciousness. They rocked and swayed; then, with a last convulsive effort, Leroux swung Pierre off his feet, raised him high in the air, and tried to dash his body against the projecting rock at the tunnel's mouth.

But still the Indian's fingers held, and, as his consciousness began to fade, Leroux staggered and slipped; and with a neighing whine that burst from his constricted throat, a shriek that pierced the torrent's roar, he slid down the cataract, Pierre locked in his arms.

I cried out in horror, but leaned forward, fascinated by the dreadful spectacle. I saw the bodies glide down the straight jet of water, as a boy might slide down a column of steel, and plunge into the black caldron beneath, around whose edge stood the mocking and fantastic figures of ice. The seething lake tossed them high into the air, and the second cataract caught them and flung them back toward the Old Angel

Their waters played with them and spun them round, caught them, and let them go, and roared and foamed about them as they bobbed and danced their devil's jig, waist-high, in one another's arms

At last they slid down into the depths of the dark lake, to lie forever there in that embrace. And still the cataracts played on, sounding their loud, triumphant, never-ending tune.

I was running down the tunnel again. I was running to Jacqueline, but something diverted me. It was the face of Lacroix, peering at me from among the crevices of the rocks with the same evil smile. I knew from the look on it that he had seen all, and had been infinitely pleased thereby.

I caught at him; I wanted to get my hands on him and strangle him, too, and fling him down, and stamp his features out of human semblance. But he eluded me and darted back into the cliff.

I followed him hard. This time I did not mean to let him go.

Lacroix was running toward the gold mine. He made no effort to dodge into any of the unknown recesses of the caves, but ran at full speed across the open space and plunged into the tunnel leading to the shore by the chateau.

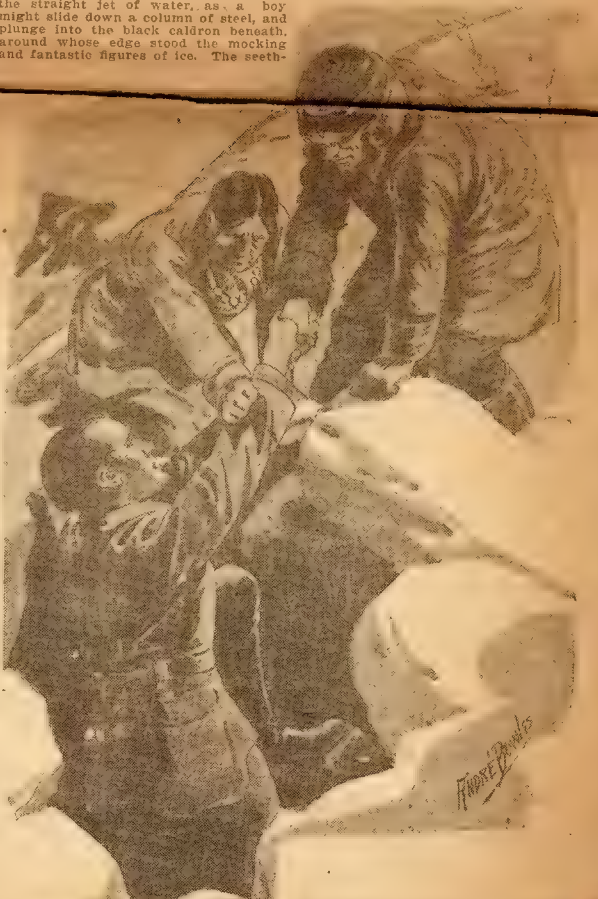
I caught him near the entrance, and held him fast.

He struggled in my grasp and screamed.

"Go back! For the love of God, go back, monsieur!" he shrieked. "Let me go! Let me go!"

He fought so desperately that he slipped out of my hands and darted into the mine again, taking the tunnel which led toward the Old Angel, and thence wound back toward the chateau.

I caught him again before the cave where Jacqueline lay. I wound my



Hands Were Reached Down to Me, and Pulled Me Up.

arms about him. A dreadful suspicion was creeping into my mind.

He made no attempt to fight me, but only to escape, and his face was hideous, stamped with fear.

"Let me go!" he howled. "Ah, you will repent it! Monsieur, let me go. I will give you a half-share in the gold. What do you want with me?"

What did I want? I did not know. It must have been the same instinct that leads one to stamp upon a noxious insect. I think it was his joy in the hideous spectacle beneath the cataract, that had made me long to kill him.

But now a dreadful fear was dawning on me.

"Jacqueline!" I screamed.

"I have not seen her," he replied. "Now let me go! Ah, mon Dieu, will you never let me go? It is too late!"

Suddenly he grew calm.

"It is too late," he said in a monotonous voice. "You have killed both of us!"

And, with the sweat still on his forehead, he stood looking maliciously at me.

"If you had let me go," he said, "you would have died just as you are going to die."

I saw the face of the cliff quiver; I saw an immense rock, half-way up, leap into the air and seem to hang there; then the ground was upheaved beneath my feet, and with a frightful roar the rocky walls swayed and fell together.

And the rivulet became a cataract that surged over me, and filled my ears with a tumult, and sealed my eyes with sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FULL CONFESSION.

DARKNESS impenetrable about me, and a thick air that I breathed with great gasps that hardly brought relief to my choking throat. And a voice out of the darkness crying ceaselessly in my ears:

"Help me! Help me!"

In that nightmare I saw again those awful scenes as vividly as tho they had been etched in phosphorus before my eyes. I saw the last struggle of [illegible] and Leroux, and I pursued Leroux along the tunnel. I saw the cliff toppling forward, and the rock poised in mid-air.

And the voice cried: "Help me! Help me!" and never ceased.

I raised myself, and tried to struggle to my feet. I found that I could move my limbs freely. I tried to rise upon my knees, but the roof struck my head. I stretched my arms out, and I touched the wall on either side of me.

I must have been stunned by the concussion of the landslide. By a miracle I had not been struck.

"Help me! Help me!"

I tried to find the voice. I crawled three feet toward it, and the wall stopped me. But the voice was there. It came from under the wall. I felt [illegible] me in the darkness, and my hand touched something damp. I whipped it back in horror. It was the face of a man.

There was only the face. Where the body and limbs ought to have been was only rock. The face was on my side of a wall of rock, peering down the body that lay outstretched beyond.

I recognized the voice now. It was that of Philippe Lacroix.

"Ah, mon Dieu! Help me! Help me!"

He continued to repeat the words in every conceivable tone, and his suffering was pitiable. I forgot my own troubles as I tried to aid him. All my efforts were vain. There were tons of rock above him, and under the inch or two of space where the rock rested above the ground I felt the edge of a burlap bag.

He had been pinned beneath the bags of earth and gold which he had prized so dearly, the golden rocks were grinding out his life. He was dying—and he could not take his treasures to that place to which he must go.

I felt one hand come thru the tiny opening in the wall and grasp at me.

"Who is it?" he mumbled. "Is that you, Hewlett? For God's sake, kill me!"

I crouched beside him, but I did not know what to say or do. I could only wait there, that he might not die alone.

"Give me a knife!" he mumbled again, clutching at me. "A knife, Hewlett! Don't leave me to die like this! Bring Pere Antoine and my mother. I want to tell her—to tell her——"

He muttered in his delirium until his voice died away. I thought that he would never speak again. But presently he seemed to revive again to the consciousness of his surroundings.

"Are you with me, Hewlett?" he whispered.

I placed my hand in his, and he clutched at it with feverish force.

"You will have the gold, Hewlett," he muttered, apparently ignorant that I, too, was a prisoner and in hardly better plight. "You are the last of the four. I tried to kill you, Hewlett."

I said nothing, and he repeated querulously, between his gasps: "I tried to kill you, Hewlett. Are you going to leave me to die alone in the dark now?"

"No," I answered. "It doesn't matter, Lacroix." And, really, it did not matter.

"I wanted to kill you," his voice rambled on. "Leroux is dead. I watched him die. I thought if—you died, too, no one but I would know the secret of the gold. [illegible] you, I blew up the tunnel!"

He paused a while, and again I thought he was dying, but once more he took up the confession.

"There was nearly a quarter of a ton of blasting powder and dynamite in the cave. You didn't know. You went about so blindly, Hewlett. I watched you when I talked with you that night here. How long ago it must have been! When was that?"

I did not tell him it was yesterday. For it seemed immeasurably long ago to me as well.

"It was stored there," he said. "We had brought it up from St. Boniface by sleigh—so carefully. Leroux intended to begin mining as soon as Louis returned. And when he died, I meant to kill you both, so that the gold should all be mine. I told you it was here because I thought you meant to kill me, but I meant to kill you when you had made an end of Leroux. And you killed me. D—d you!" he snarled. "Why did you not let me go?"

He paused, and I heard him gasp for breath. His fingers clutched at my coat-sleeve again and hooped themselves round mine like claws of steel.

"I had a knife—once," he resumed, relapsing into his delirium; "but I left it behind me and the police got it. Isn't it odd, Leroux," he rambled on, "that one always leaves something behind when one has killed a man? But the newspapers made no mention about the knife. You didn't know he was dead, did you, Leroux, for all your cleverness, until that fool Hewlett left that paper upon the table? You knew enough to send me to jail, but you didn't know that it was I who killed him. Help me!" he screamed horribly. "He is here, looking at me!"

"There is nobody here, Philippe," I said, trying to soothe his agony of soul. What a poor and stained soul it was, traveling into the next world alone! "There is nobody but me, Philippe!"

"You lie!" he raved. "Louis is here! He has come for me! Give me your knife, Hewlett. It is for him, not for me. He deserved to die. He tricked me, after we had found the gold. He tricked me twice. He told Leroux, thinking that he would win his gratitude, and get free from the man's power. And the second time, he told Carson."

My heart was thumping as he spoke. I hardly dared to hope his words were true.

"He was my friend," he mumbled. "We were friends since we were boys. We would have kicked Leroux into the street, if he had dared to enter our homes. But we owed so much money. And he discovered—what we had done. He wanted our family interest; he wanted to make use of us. And when we found the mine, Louis thought we would never be in need of money again. But Leroux was pressing him, threatening him. And so he told him. Then there were three of us in the secret.

"Leroux had formed a lumber company with Carson, but he did not tell him about the gold. He formed his scheme with Louis. They said nothing to me; they wanted to leave me out. Louis was to get the girl, and sell his rights to Simon. But afterward, when he had spent the money Simon had given him, he thought he could get more out of Carson. So he went to him and told the secret. That made four of us—four of us, where there should have been only two."

"What did you do?" I asked, tho it was like conducting a post-mortem upon a murderer's corpse.

"I went to New York to get my share. I wasn't going to be ousted, I, who had been one of the discoverers. I don't know how much Carson paid Louis, but I meant to demand half. I thought he had the money in his pocket.

"I followed him all that afternoon after he had left Carson's office. I watched him in the street. At night he went to a room somewhere—at the top of a tall building. I followed him. When I got in, I found a woman there. Louis was talking to her, and threatening her. He said she was his wife. How could she be his wife when he had married Jacqueline Duchaine?

"I didn't care—it was no business of mine. I couldn't see them, because there was a curtain in the way. There was no light in the bedroom. There was a light in the room in which I was. I put it out, so that neither of them should see my face. She might have betrayed me, you know, Simon.

"He spun round when the light went out, and pushed the curtain aside. I was waiting for that. I had calculated my blow. I stabbed him. It was a good blow, tho it was delivered in the dark. He only cried out once. But the woman screamed, and a dog flew at me, and I couldn't find his money. So I ran away.

"And then there were only three of us who knew the secret. Then Simon died and there were only two, and now there are only Hewlett and I, and he is dead, poor fool, and I have my gold here. For God's sake give me a knife, Simon!"

His fingers tore at my sleeve in his last agony, and I was tempted sorely.

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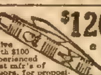

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And it was his own knife that I had The irony of it!

He muttered once or twice, and cried out in fear of the man whom he had slain. I heard him gasp a little later. Then the hand fell from my sleeve. And after that there was no further sound

"Paul!"

It was the merest whisper from the wall I thought it was a trick of my own mind I dared not hope.

"Paul! Dearest!

This was no fancy born of a delirious brain and the thick fumes of dynamite It came from the wall a little way ahead of me. I crawled the three feet that the little cave afforded and put my hands upon the rock, feeling its surface inch by inch. There was a crevice there, not large enough to have permitted a hand to pass—the merest fissure.

"Jacqueline! Is that you, dear?" I called

"Where are you Paul?" she whispered back.

"Behind the wall," I answered "You are not hurt, Jacqueline?"

"I am lying where you left me, dear Paul, I—I heard"

"You heard?" I answered dully What did it matter now"

"Why didn't you tell me, Paul? But never mind. I am so glad, dearest! Can you come thru to me

I struggled to tear the rocks away, I beat and bruised my hands in vain against them

"Soon," I muttered "Soon. Can you breathe well, Jacqueline?"

"It is all open, Paul It is nearly dawn now"

"I will come when it grows light Jacqueline" I babbled "When it grows light"

She did not know that it would never grow light for me Again I flung myself against the walls of my prison, battering at them till the blood dripped from my hands. Again and again I flung myself down hopelessly, and then I tried again, clutching at every fragment that protruded into the cave.

And at last, when my despair had mastered me—it grew light.

For a sunbeam shot like a finger thru the crevice, and quivered upon the floor of the cave. And overhead, where I had never thought to seek, where I had thought three hundred feet of eternal rock pressed down on me, I saw the quiver of day thru half a dozen feet of tight-packed debris from the glacier's mouth

I raised myself and tore at it and sent it flying. I thrust my hands among the stones and tore them down like the tiles from a rotten roof.

I heard a shout; hands were reached down to me and pulled me up, and I was on my feet upon a hillside, looking [illegible] the keen eyes of Pere Antoine, and the face of the Indian squaw.

And the Eskimo dog was barking at my side.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF THE CHATEAU.

ONLY one thing marred the happiness of our reunion, and that was the loss of Jacqueline's father.

We had talked much over what had happened, and ten days later, when Jacqueline had recovered from the shock and from what proved to be, after all, only a flesh-wound, we had visited the scene of our rescue by the old priest.

The Indian woman had met him as she was returning home, and had told him of our danger, and he had started out before dawn, to find that there was no longer any entrance to the tunnel. Wandering in bewilderment upon the mountains, he had reached the place where I was buried at the moment of my final effort to break thru the debris overhead

Altho the explanation seemed an impossible one, there was none other.

The cliff, riddled with tunnels and eaten out by its numerous subterranean streams had fallen. The charge of dynamite exploded, as it happened, beneath that part which buttressed the entire structure, combining with the pressure of the glacier above, had thrown the mountain on its side, filling the lake with several million tons of ice and obliterating all traces of the chateau, which lay buried beneath its waters

That was Pere Antoine's explanation, and we realized at once that it was useless to search for Charles Duchaine. The whole aspect of the region had been changed there was neither glacier nor cataract, and the lake, swollen to twice its size and height, slept peacefully beneath its covering of ice and snow.

When we returned to the cabin we were amazed to see a sleigh standing outside and dogs feeding Two men were seated at the priest's table, smoking.

"Diable, monsieur, don't you keep a stove in your house?' shouted a well-known voice to Pere Antoine Then, as Jacqueline and I approached the entrance, the man turned and sprang toward us with outstretched hands that gripped ours and wrung them till we cried out in pain.

It was Alfred Dubois.

But I was stupefied to see the second man who rose and advanced toward me with a shrewd smile. For it was Tom Carson!

Presently I was telling my story—except for that part which more intimately concerned myself and Jacqueline, and the narrative of the murder, which I gave only as Lacroix had confessed it to me.

A look of [illegible] deepened on Tom's shrewd old face until, at the end he burst out explosively at me:

"Hewlett I didn't think I was a [illegible] fool before I beg your pardon, miss If any man had told me that, I would have knocked him down. But I am, I am, and I want you to be my manager."

"Do you mean that I have lied to you?" I asked indignantly.

"Every word, Hewlett—every word my son That is why I want you back with me. First you leave my employment without offering any reason, then you take hold of my business affairs and try to put a deal over my head, and then you tell me a yarn about a castle falling into a lake"

"But M. Carson," interposed the priest "I myself have seen this chateau many times And I have gone to the entrance and looked from the mountain, too, and it is no longer there."

"Never was," said Carson "You fellows get so lonesome up in these wilds, that you have to see things"

"But I heard the explosion."

"Artillery practice down the Gulf."

"Listen to me, M Carson!" exploded Dubois "Did I not say that I would drive you here myself because I was anxious about a friend of mine and his young bride who were in the clutches of that scoundrel, Simon Leroux, who killed my brother? And did I not say that they were in the Chateau Duchaine?

"Well, there may be a chateau somewhere," Carson replied. "In fact, there probably is. This man, d'Epernay, who is said to be dead now, wanted to sell me the biggest gold mine in the world for fifty thousand dollars, and from what I know of Leroux, I am ready to believe that he would try to hog it, if it really exists So, as I wanted to see how our lumber development at St. Boniface was getting along, I thought I'd come up here and investigate."

"But how about Leroux?" I cried, more amused now than vexed.

"That," answered Tom, "is precisely why I want to get hold of you again, Mr. Hewlett."

"But here is Mlle. Duchaine!" shouted the old priest in despair

Tom Carson raised his fat old body about five inches, and made Jacqueline what he took to be a bow.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss," he replied. "Ah, well, it doesn't matter. I guess that man d'Epernay was lying to me. He wanted to get a cash advance, and I got a little suspicious of him just about then. However, I am ready to look at your gold mine, if you want me to."

"You'll have to do some blasting then," I said, nettled. "It's just about two hundred feet below the ground."

"Never mind," said Tom. "Lumber is better than gold. Next time I'm here I shall be glad to have another look round. And now, Hewlett, if you want a job at five thousand a year to start—to start, mind you, you play fair and tell me where Leroux is hiding himself."

I was too mortified to answer him But I felt Jacqueline slip her hand into mine, and suddenly the memory of the past made Tom's raillery an insignificant affair.

"Mind you," he pursued, "he'll turn up soon. He's got to turn up, because the lumber company's all organized now and in fine running order What do you say, Hewlett?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"All right," he said, turning away with a shrug of his shoulders. "Unpractical as ever, ain't you? Think it over, my son Glad to have met you, Mr. Priest, and as I'm always busy I guess Dubois and I will start for home this afternoon."

Jacqueline looked at me, and I shook my head. I didn't want Tom to witness it. But a word from Pere Antoine changed the hostile tenor of my thoughts to warm and human ones.

"Messieurs," he said, "doubtless you know what day this is?"

Tom started "Why, good Lord, it—it's Christmas Day, isn't it?" he asked, a little sheepishly.

"It's a bigger day for us," I said to Tom.

He squinted at me in his shrewd man-

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mer; and then he got up from the table and wrung my hand.

"Good luck to you both," he said. "Say Mr. Dubois, I guess we can pitch our tent here tonight—don't you?"

Alfred Dubois was grappling with our hands again; but his onset was less ferocious, because he had to loose us every now and then to slap me on the back and blow his nose.

"If only la petite Madeleine could be here!" he shouted. And I am sure that was his dinner voice I heard.

The End.

* * *

Holding the Line.

"HOLD the line," said the girl at one end to the man at the other end of the line.

"That's one thing I never do!" said the man at the other end of the line. 'Whenever I can't get what I want on the phone I let it go and try again. Waiting at the church is a pretty hard stunt for brides, and waiting at restaurants and depots is pretty bad, waiting for a chance at a barber's chair or a soup counter in a cafeteria or a box office or a bank window is bad enough, but waiting at a telephone is still worse, and I cannot and will not wait.

"Some people can while away the flying moments drawing pictures of boxes and men's faces, but I don't go in for that.

"Time was when I could wait for somebody to come to the phone as long as anybody, but that was before my patience was exhausted. Just before I gave it up everybody had me waiting all the time. If I called a man up I would be told to hold the line, and then I would hear a feminine voice say, 'Telephone, Mr. Johnson!' and I would hear Johnson say, "All right, darn it!" and go right on hammering his gasoline tank.

"Why nearly every place I go these days I see a telephone receiver waiting for some one to use it. Goodness knows how long ago somebody called there and was told to just hold the line. There are more people holding the line in the United States than there are in France, and holding it with a sight less comfort and no glory at all.

"If you call a fellow's attention to the fact that his receiver is down he will say: 'Oh, gee whiz! Some fellow did call me up a couple of hours ago, and I was going to answer it right away, but something happened and I forgot all about it!' In the meantime the fellow who had called up had been grinding his teeth and cussing for half an hour."

"That's very true," admitted the girl at the other end of the line. "I had a very odd experience to-day when Mr. Swaddling called up to get an address from me, and I waited and waited at the phone for him to come back with pencil and paper and he waited for me to come back with the address. I happened to have the address right there at the phone, but he didn't know it, and he happened to have pencil and paper handy and I didn't know it, and so there we sat, each waiting for the other to come back.

"I heard him light cigarettes and more cigarettes and sigh and groan and thought it was because he was having trouble finding paper and pencil, and he heard me changing hands and stirring around, but thought I was digging up the address, and neither one of us knew that the other was sitting at the phone—here's your party now, and thanks for holding the line so patiently."

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The Capture of Banjo Billy

(Continued From Page 5)

of his companions. They looked crestfallen, he thought. Nay, they looked absolutely astounded. And they appeared to avoid his gaze, preferring, instead, to gaze at the "prisoner."

"These here galoots," the Garfish continued, "think they're th' original practical jokers of th' Hardscrabble. I dunno where they rakes up this gent"—indicating the prisoner—"but they got him rehearsed in th' part o' Banjo Billy. He's a bum imitator of th' real thing, sheriff, if yuh want my opinion. Why, he can't even play a banjo! He only thinks he kin—jest as he thinks he kin fool a man like me."

The sheriff by this time had his spectacles adjusted, and proceeded to focus his gaze on the bound horseman. He gave a violent start.

"What's all this you're tryin' to hand me, Garfish?" he demanded. "If yuh think you're bein' witty, fergit it. I don't think much of any gent what makes fun of another gent jest because he's got him down," he added as he stepped down the steps, and drew forth a bunch of keys. "What was all this tale you gents was tryin' to hand me th' other day?" he suddenly inquired, turning on the group. "An' what yuh told me over th' telephone this morning?"

Pete Frost stammered an apology. "We didn't git a good look at this guy, sheriff," he said. "We thought it was——"

They were interrupted by the noisy arrival of a belated horseman, who galloped up at this juncture.

"We thought it was—him," finished Pete, pointing at the belated one. He was tall and thin, and his fingers were almost as long and supple as those of the bound prisoner. "Mike Collins. We planted him out on th' range this mornin'. We thought——"

Slowly it filtered into the bewildered mind of the Garfish that this complication, in some way, might redound to his own personal benefit. He turned to the sheriff.

"Who is this here gent?" he shouted, pointing at his prisoner.

"Who is he?" repeated John Kempton. "Why, it's Banjo Billy Hard, of course! I knowed him when he was a kid, down in Texas. How'd yuh happen to nab him, Garfish?"

Garfish eased himself and started his story. Strange to say, the other members of the J-Lazy-M did not dispute the tale that the suddenly-rich Garfish unfolded.

Demons of the Sea

(Continued From Page 10)

united to form water again, that's all."

"But the jelly?"

"That's simply the beginning of the process. To use a homely analogy, it's the clot in the cream before we get the buttermilk."

"You're right, Davies!" cried Donald with enthusiasm.

"I'm sure of it, sir" said the middy, relapsing into the ceremonious form of address again.

"One moment, tho. How about those calls? We didn't hear any of the monsters using them."

"I should say," said Davies slowly, "that they probably have some king, or queen, which alone possesses the power of issuing the calls. Like the bees, you know, Donald. And now, sir, I think I'd better open one of the air-flasks and get some new oxygen into the boat. There ought to be enough [illegible] atmosphere to last us a couple of days."

"And it occurs to me, Davies," said Donald, "that with the other diving suit which I think we have one of us can go out and adjust the rudder from the outside. So things don't look hopeless by any means. And since we haven't eaten for a good while, come into the messroom when you've finished your job, and Clouts and I will rout up the best supper we know how."

He took Sam Clouts into the galley, and they succeeded in turning out a very creditable meal under Ida's instructions. The high atmospheric pressure prevented the kettle from boiling, but they made tea after a fashion, and, seated in the messroom, forgot for a while their difficulties and dangers.

"And now," said Donald, when the meal was ended, "we'd better all have a good sleep, and we'll tackle our situation with fresh minds tomorrow. That tinned air breathes fine, Davies," he added.

Ida went into Donald's cabin. Donald himself arranged to sleep in the messroom. Davies had his cabin, and Clouts, the first watch. Presently Donald found himself alone.

He got into his hammock, but he could not grapple with the situation. It seemed so unreal that he half expected to awake and find that he had been delirious, and that he was just coming to after rescuing Ida from the wreck of the Beotia. He felt more and more nervous. He got up and sat down at the table, staring into the darkness in front of him.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet with a choked cry. Across the messroom, at a distance of about eight paces, he saw, mistily, the face and body of the woman whom he had imagined that he saw in the house in Baltimore and again outside!

He stared at her incredulously. He saw her so faintly that once again he believed himself the victim of a hallucination. The faintest illumination played about her, showing only the ethereal spirit that seemed incarnate in a vapory cloud.

But this was no monster such as those devils of the sea. It was the most beautiful woman whom Donald had ever seen or imagined.

He stumbled toward her. He put out his hand. As he did so, the figure moved, and he heard unmistakably the faintest slide of feet upon the floor.

He tried to catch her, to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming, but she eluded him with ease, seeming to float before his eyes, now here, now there.

Suddenly the door opened. Donald saw Ida standing in the doorway, by the light of the candle within her cabin.

"Donald!" she cried. "I thought—I thought I saw a woman pass my door."

"Ida!"

The denial died on his lips. He was not sure. He glanced hastily about him, and, at the far end, he thought he saw the dim outlines of his visitor again.

Ida peered thru the darkness. She saw nothing, but she interpreted Donald's movements correctly.

"Donald! Who is she? How did she come here?"

"There is nobody, Ida." He heard the desperation in his voice; and at that instant a yearning toward the ethereal loveliness of that uncanny wraith filled his whole heart. He took a match from his box and struck it.

The spurt of flame illuminated the messroom. It was entirely empty.

"You see, dear," said Donald, turning to Ida with an embarrassed laugh. "You have been dreaming, dear."

"Yes. I suppose I have been dreaming," she answered. But she spoke without conviction. And suddenly she was crying upon his shoulder.

"Donald, you were disappointed when I came in!" she sobbed.

"Dear, you are hysterical. In the morning it will be all right."

"You don't love me any more, Donald."

"Of course I love you," he responded sadly. Somehow his heart was utterly overcast, it was as if he had looked into the face of immortal beauty. "Of course I love you. Won't you try to sleep, Ida?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, releasing herself. "But you don't love me, Donald—I know!"

And slowly she withdrew into her cabin, leaving Donald a prey to intense bewilderment and despair.

Who was she, this almost invisible beauty? Had she followed him here, aboard the ship, or—swimming behind the submarine? Was she another species of the sea devils?"

Suddenly, for the first time since their conversation, he recalled Masterman's words:

"I brought my specimen home with me. Think of that, lad! She didn't want to eat. They don't eat after they are mature, Donald."

At the time of his visit to the house in Baltimore, Masterman's words, passing vaguely thru Donald's mind, must have given him the impression that he had referred to the creature in the first tank. But they ate! They lived to eat, they were swarming to overrun the earth to find sustenance.

Now it came to Donald with conviction that the old captain had had reference to—this woman!

And, straining his eyes thru the darkness, he saw her again.

But this time there was visible upon her face an expression so pitiful that it almost brought the tears to Donald's eyes.

She was watching him with a dumb yearning of inexpressible pathos. That

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look reminded Donald of the old legend of the mermaid who could obtain a soul only from some human lover.

He had moved toward the door, and now he saw the vision begin to approach him. But when he turned back she disappeared, and after a while he could discern her dim form again at the opposite side of the room.

An idea came to him. He would go up into the conning tower; in that narrow space he could see her better and understand what she was.

But as he stood in the passage, at the bottom of the trapdoor, Clouts appeared before him. It occurred to Donald afterward that he had been there for a considerable time.

"It's all right, sir!" said Clouts. "You told me to call you when you were to go on duty, and it's all right."

"What's all right?" demanded Donald

"It's all right, sir. I understand such things," said Clouts.

"Clouts, what the devil are you talking about?"

"It's all right, sir," replied Clouts for the third time, pointing before him

And in the passage, not more than a dozen feet away, Donald saw the woman's form

His anger vanished. He took the sailor by the arm.

"Clouts," he said, "do you suppose we could get her into the conning tower?"

"I don't know, sir," said Clouts, shaking his head. "If she's willing to go, sir. That's the question, sir."

"Clouts"—Donald's voice sank to a whisper—"you must understand that this isn't a woman—at least not a human one. She's—she's ——"

"Quite so, if I might say so, or thereabouts," said Clouts

"And do you think you could get her there?"

Clouts scratched his head. "I suppose so, sir," he answered "But she'd have to come out again, you know."

"That's what I intend," said Donald desperately. "Back into the water—thru the airlock."

For he knew that he could not tamper or temporize with this danger without losing his reason.

"You see, she's—a fish, Clouts," he continued. "Now will you do it?"

"Push her in, sir?"

"Lead her in, Clouts. Put on my coat and let her follow you. Then, when you've got her inside, put on the last diving dress and see that she doesn't come back. I don't want you to hurt her. She can live under the water, you know. And, while you're about it, Clouts, you might see if you can adjust the rudder."

"Very well, sir," said Clouts, determinedly. "You're sure she's a—a fish, sir? I wouldn't want to [illegible] mortal woman into the sea. Leastwise, Mrs. Clouts —" He broke off vaguely, apparently upon the verge of some family disclosure.

Sam Clouts stared hard into Donald's face by the light of the candle that he carried. Donald saw the massive mold of the features, the grim determination of the man expressed in every line. At that moment he felt that it was Clouts, not he, who should have been in command.

For a moment Clouts and his captain looked hard into each other's eyes. Then Clouts' grim face softened. Putting his hands to his pocket, he drew out his mouth organ, and the soft strains of "Annie Rooney" went up into the air. Clouts played it thru with quiet resolution.

"I'll do it, sir," he said

Donald turned and saw that the woman of the sea stood exactly where she had been thruout that interview. She had not stirred.

"Then we'll change coats in the tower, Clouts," he said. "Or, now I come to think of it, come back to the messroom. She'll follow us there. There we can make the exchange, and then you can slip out into the darkness and she ought to follow you."

"Seems fond of you, sir," said Clouts.

"Yes—unfortunately," sighed Donald.

He waited while Clouts found the last diving suit in the storeroom, and then the two went back into the messroom. Presently Clouts emerged, encased in his cylinder, and holding the glass mask in his hand. About his shoulders he wore Donald's coat. Donald waited within.

He heard the sailor's footsteps disappear in the passage; then ascend the ladder of the conning tower. Once Clouts whistled softly, as if he were calling a dog. Donald groaned

He heard the conning tower trapdoor close, and after that he could hear nothing. He waited an indefinite time. Suddenly a soft splashing of water told him that the lower levels of the sea were being agitated by the condensed oxygen in the airlock. There followed silence. The sounds were cut off abruptly, and for a long time Donald waited

His nerves were so tense that when Clouts opened the door he started violently. He peered into the sailor's face

"I've done it, sir," said Clouts "She followed me like—like a dog, sir. And I saw her eyes when I pushed her into the water, and I don't want to see a look like that again It felt like murder, sir"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Donald angrily "You know perfectly well, Clouts, that she wasn't on board when we started. Therefore, she must have come in with us from the sea bottom."

"I know, sir," said Clouts, shaking his head mournfully Then, unable to control himself, he clapped his hand to his mouth organ.

And Donald waited alone, sleepless, while the dreary night wore on.

CHAPTER XII.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

HE MUST have fallen into a light doze at last, for he awakened to find Davies at his side. The middy's voice cleft the thick darkness like a knife.

"We're done for, old man!" he whispered "We'd better not awaken her. Listen!"

Heretofore no sound from without had penetrated the thin plates of the submarine, but now Donald distinctly heard a crackling noise, as if some pressure were being exerted against the sides of the vessel.

"We're breaking up, sir"

"You mean [illegible] you mind letting me grip your arm a minute, sir? It's in a way disturbing."

Donald felt a sudden rush of tenderness toward the little middy. Davies was still no more than a boy—perhaps seventeen years old. And all the time since they left Newport News he had regarded him as a man, and exacted from him a man's responsibilities.

The sounds grew louder. The plates were groaning under pressure, and it seemed every instant that the rivets would start and the water rush in.

"It's the weight of the ocean over us, Davies," said Donald, without the faintest faith in this diagnosis.

"But this pressure is horizontal not vertical, Donald. And water has no horizontal pressure at all"

Donald was silent. He would not voice what was in his own mind, but he knew that his explanation was nonsense, meant to deceive not only Davies, but himself also. The sea monsters must be pushing against the bottom of the F55, to break her by their own weight and get at their prey within. Maddened by hunger in those barren solitudes of darkness, they were a frenzied army of destruction.

He wondered whether Clouts' act was in any way the cause of this new activity.

The pressure increased. The steel plates crackled as trees snap in zero weather.

Donald looked up and saw Ida standing in the doorway

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, coming forward to Donald.

He could not answer her, and she did not repeat the question, but stood looking intently at the two men, who watched each other. It was impossible that Ida could help understanding the meaning of the sounds without.

She came close to Donald. "Forgive me for what I said, dear," she whispered, clinging to his arm. "I was so afraid—not of death, dearest, but of the loneliness in that room. I was afraid for you."

He patted her arms without speaking, and led the way to the conning tower again. It was preferable that they should die, if they must, by suffocation, rather than in the maw of the monsters Inclosed within those stout walls of steel, they could at least hope to find a perpetual tomb there.

The pressure was still increasing. The floor of the conning tower began to tilt. Surely this was the end!

If the F55 broke up, the conning tower, built, as in ships of that design, of

(Continued on Page 26.

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Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
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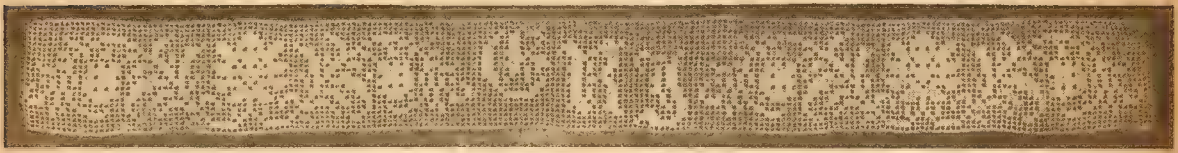
Attractive Band of Filet Crochet

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.



THIS very attractive insert is designed for the front of a dresser scarf and the effect is very charming when the scarf is finished by a narrow picot edge. The material required is one ball of mercerized chochet cotton, the size is a matter of choice, depending on the fineness of the material on which it is to be mounted. Size No. 30, 50 or 80 are very satisfactory. Start with 66 ch sts.

First Row—1 d c into the 4th st, 21 sp, 1 d c into the next st, 3 ch sts, turn

Second Row—1 d c into d c, 21 sp, 1 d c into last d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 2 gr, 13 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—1 d c, 12 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row—1 d c, 9 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventh Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—1 d c, 9 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Ninth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts turn

Tenth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eleventh Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twelfth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts turn.

Thirteenth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 10 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourteenth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifteenth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 6 gr, 3 sp 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixteenth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventeenth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, [illegible] sp, 6 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighteenth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Nineteenth Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 6 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, ch sts, turn.

Twentieth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-first Row—1 d c, 13 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-second Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-third Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-fourth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-fifth Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-sixth Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-seventh Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 4 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-eighth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 2 gr 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-ninth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirtieth Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-first Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 11 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Thirty-second Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 7 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Thirty-third Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 5 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-fourth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-fifth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-sixth Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Thirty-seventh Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 14 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Thirty-eighth Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-ninth Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Fortieth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-first Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 7 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Forty-second Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-third Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 4 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-fourth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-fifth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 4 gr, 1 sp, 10 gr 2 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-sixth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-seventh Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 4 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty-eighth Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Forty ninth Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 7 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fiftieth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-first Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty second Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts turn.

Fifty-third Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 10 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-fourth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-fifth Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-sixth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 d c.

Fifty-seventh Row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 5 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-eighth Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 7 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifty-ninth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 11 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixtieth Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Sixty first Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-second Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Sixty-third Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 4 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn

Sixty-fourth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-fifth Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-sixth Row—1 d c, 2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-seventh Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-eighth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixty-ninth Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 13 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventieth Row—1 d c, 7 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-first Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 6 gr, 7 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-second Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-third Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 7 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-fourth Row—1 d c, 3 sp 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-fifth Row [illegible] sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 6 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-sixth Row [illegible] 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, [illegible] sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-seventh Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 10 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-eighth Row—1 d c, 5 sp 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventy-ninth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eightieth Row—1 d c, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-first Row—1 d c, 6 sp, 1 gr 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 3 gr, 5 sp 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-second Row—1 d c, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-third Row—1 d c, 9 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-fourth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-fifth Row 1 d c, 8 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-sixth Row—1 d c, 5 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 12 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighty-seventh Row—1 d c, 13 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

2 rows of 21 sp each, then start the initials, allowing about 40 rows for 3 letters, then repeat backward to the start

* * *

Economy in the Kitchen

Candy From Fruit Skins

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THE U. S. Food Administration has helped us in the ways of thrift more than any other organization in the country. Housewives who wasted before the war began are economical cooks now. In spite of the fact that the war is over, we should still practice the lessons in economy which we have learned in the time of our need. Many of the things which formerly found their way into the garbage pail may be utilized to great advantage. According to the Food Administration not the least among these is fruit skins, cores, etc. In a bulletin which is going the rounds, the Food Administration says:

How about the skins from those big plums which you peeled for your luncheon dessert? What did you do with the apple peelings and the peach pits? Do you throw away orange and lemon skins? Does the garbage can ever see the cores, skins and eyes of your pineapples?

None of these things should be thrown away at any time. They can be used to make a delicious sort of candy known to those of the inner circle as fruit leather."

First of all wash all fruit carefully and then simply cover all these waste parts with cold water and bring the whole slowly to the boiling point, letting it simmer gently for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the juice is extracted. Then strain it thru a jelly bag or double piece of cheese cloth into an earthenware or enameled dish.

Concentrate this juice by first boiling over direct heat; then by drying in the top of the double boiler or in platters or enamel pans set in a moderate oven. The juice is sufficiently concentrated if when cooled it makes a highly glazed, tough, dry leathery jelly. Dry the leather in granulated sugar and roll the sheets like jelly rolls, then cut them across

This confection may be eaten any time, summer or winter, and it will keep well if it is stored in a dry place.

Fish Loaf.

FLAKE the remnants of any baked fish There should be two cups. Add 1 cup of stuffing left from the fish, or 1 cup of coarse wheatless bread crumbs moistened with melted fat, and 1 beaten egg. Season well with salt, pepper and 1 teaspoonful finely minced pickle. Turn into a small bread pan or quart mold, cover with oiled paper, place in pan of hot water and cook in moderate oven about half an hour. Unmold on a hot platter and serve with white sauce (medium), adding ¼ cup cooked peas to the sauce.

*

Mock Lobster in Chafing Dish.

ONE tablespoonful fat, 1 cup stewed well-seasoned tomatoes, 1½ cups boiled fish, preferably salmon; salt; paprika; Worcestershire sauce, a little; 2 tablespoonsful wheatless cracker crumbs. Melt the fat in a chafing dish or saucepan, add the tomatoes, fish, seasoning and wheatless crumbs. Heat all well together.

*

Scalloped Carp.

ANY cold cooked carp may be placed in alternate layers with white sauce, onion sauce, tomato sauce, or sour sauce in a baking dish. Cover the top with wheatless bread crumbs or boiled rice browned in beef drippings. Bake until heated thru.

Baked Carp With Sour Cream.

CLEAN and bone the carp. Place it in an oiled baking pan, salt and pepper the surface, add 2 bay leaves, juice of 1 lemon, and cover with sour cream. Bake until the fish and cream are a golden brown Serve the fish on the platter and strain the cream sauce over it.

*

Fish Cocktail.

TAKE a small piece of cold codfish, remove the skin and bones and flake it. Season it with salt and a little pepper. Make a cocktail sauce by mixing together for each glass: 1 teaspoonful vinegar, 1 teaspoonful tomato catsup, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, ½ teaspoonful horse-radish, 1 drop tabasco sauce. Take about a tablespoonful of fish for each portion, put in glass and pour the sauce over

*

Homemade Scrapple.

PLACE 1 quart of boiling water in a saucepan and add ½ cupful of salad oil, 1½ cupfuls of finely chopped peanuts, 2 green peppers (chopped fine), 2 medium-sized onions (minced fine), 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning. Bring to a boil and then add 1½ cupfuls cornmeal, 1 cupful oatmeal. Cook slowly one hour, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Now rinse a brick-shaped mold or loaf pans with cold water and then pour in the scrapple. Set aside twenty-four hours to mold.

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* * *

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 481, Blairsville, Pa.

Your Problems of the Heart Solved Here

Conducted by Winifred Grey

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS:

So many letters come to this department that it is impossible to answer each and every one of them. However, many of them are similar, and it is hoped that you may find the answer to your particular problem in the reply to one who has written as you have.

Untrue Friend.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 20, and have been keeping company with a girl for two years. I left home some time ago to take a position away from home, and now I learn a boy friend of mine has been telling lies about me, and the girl does not write to me any more. She promised to wait for me. What shall I do?

S. S. CLERK

Write to the girl and tell her the truth. You have a right to demand an explanation from her. If she refuses to give it, drop her. There are plenty of other girls, and you are young.

Your Fault?

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 20 and have been going with a girl for a year and eight months. We had a quarrel some time ago and since then she does not speak to me. What can I do to regain her love?

M. S.

If you were to blame for the quarrel, go to her and tell her you are sorry. No doubt if she loves you, she will forgive.

Fickle Boy.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17, in trouble over a girl friend's ring. I gave this girl friend's ring to another girl, and now she wants her ring back. I do not like to tell the girl I gave the ring to that it belongs to another girl. What shall I do?

W. A. M

Nothing to do but ask for the ring and tell the truth. Perhaps it will teach you not to dispose of other people's property hereafter.

Write for It.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 17 and like a boy of 18 who seems to care for me. He has my ring. Would it be all right to write him and ask for it?

BROWN EYES.

Yes.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16 in love with a boy one year my senior. He acts as tho he cares a great deal for me. How can I find out if he loves me and let him know that I care for him?

BROWN EYES.

Don't try; you are too young.

Jealous.

DEAR MISS GREY.

I am a girl of 18 in love with a boy of [illegible]. He seems to think a great deal of me, but he goes out with other girls. Still he doesn't want me to go out with others. Would it be right for me to ask him not to go with others?

BLUE EYES

Yes, if you are engaged to him. Otherwise don't pay any attention to his demands, and have other friends.

Have Patience

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 18 and was going with a man of 21. He was called to the colors, and while he was in the training camps I heard from him often. Since he went overseas I received no letter from him. How can I get letters from him?

L. D.

Have patience. Mail service from overseas is often delayed.

Three Men.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 19 deeply in love with three young men. I love one as much as the other. I don't know which one to take. Will you kindly tell me what to do?

I. F.

You can rest assured that you don't love either of them or you would be sure of yourself. You had better not marry either of them.

Don't Try.

DEAR MISS GREY

I am a girl of [illegible] in love with a boy I see once in a while. He doesn't seem to care for me. Tell me how to make him care for me

BROWN EYES

Don't try. If the boy cares for you he will show it. No use running after him. There are others.

Too Many.

DEAR MISS GREY

I am a girl of 18 in love with a young man one year my senior. He came to see me last winter, but soon changed for another girl and then for still another. He then went back to the second girl, and then came to see me. He is also calling on my sister. How can this man care for me? He says he loves me as much as he did last winter, but I don't believe him.

X.

The young man doesn't know his own mind. I wouldn't try to gain the love of such a fickle young man, because more than likely you will not be able to hold it.

Bashful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old, and in love with a girl of 18. We get along fine, and I'm sure she loves me. But when we are in company she hardly pays any attention to me. What is the matter with her?

F. J. K

Nothing at all. She is merely bashful and when with others does not want them to know that she cares for you.

Cheerful Items.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 20, and am engaged to a boy my same age who is in camp. He loves me very much, and is so lonesome that he says he will go crazy unless he sees me soon. Can you tell me what to write to cheer him up and keep him from being so lonesome?

BLUE EYES.

Your sweetheart will be glad to hear about all the little things that you do every day, about your friends, your dog, and the various things concerning them and yourself. Supposing you buy a camera and take pictures of various things that were familiar to him before he left.

Tell Her.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy 21 years of age, in love with a girl, 17. I go to see her once a week, and tho I have known her six months never got a chance to tell her that I love her and want to marry her. I am rather bashful. What must I do to get her to love me?

W. W.

There is only one way in which to find out. Tell her that you love her at your earliest opportunity, and ask her if she will marry you.

About Marrying.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, in love with a man three years my senior. He went to camp, and tho he wanted to marry me, he asked me to wait until he got back. I love him dearly, and did not want to wait. Sometimes I cannot help doubting that he loves me, after his asking me to wait. What do you think?

M. J. G.

Girls and boys who waited until war was over to marry, were doing the right thing. If you love a man and he loves you, you will remain faithful to each other. I believe that it was to protect you against a life of misery should he come back a cripple, that the young man asked you to wait. You have no right to doubt him.

Fickle Suitor.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, in love with a man of 21. When he comes to call on me there is a girl friend of mine who comes in to see us, and she winks at him, and they go out together without saying anything to me. Can you tell me how to make him love me more than he does?

MARIE

Don't pay any attention to him. He is fickle and not worthy of your love. You are very young, and there are plenty of other young men

Letter Writing.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, in love with a boy four years my senior. He says he loves me, and wants me to marry him, but my mother says he is not old enough. Father says I am too young, also. He went away and I wrote him two letters which he never answered. Shall I write again and ask him to my house? Shall I kiss him when he asks me to?

L. V. P.

Don't write again. Probably the young man did not mean what he said. Listen to your parents. They know best. If I were you I would try to forget this young man. You are very young and there are plenty of others

Marrying for a Home.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I came to America a short time ago, and found a job as cook. I got acquainted with a policeman, who since then has asked me to marry him. The woman I am working for will not need my services after a short while. What shall I do?

PANSY.

Don't marry for a home. There are plenty of other jobs. If you really care for the man, marry him, of course.

Wait.

DEAR MISS GREY

I am a girl of 17 engaged to a boy of 21 whom I have known for three years. Before he left he wanted me to marry him, but father was against it. What shall I do?

S. F. F.

Your father was right. Wait until he comes back from the war. You will be happier

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY

I am a girl of 16 and go with a boy a year older than myself. He does not always act as tho he loves me, but has asked me to marry him. Recently he went with another girl. Please tell me what I should do. My parents object to him, but I love him with all my heart.

KITTY.

Young girls—those below 18 years should not be going out with boys. You are far too young. As for marriage, do not think of it, especially if your parents object, they may have your marriage annulled. What you feel now is not love

Sailor Boy.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, in love with a sailor. I met him a year ago, and he treated me very nicely. We had a steady correspondence until two months ago, when he went on a destroyer. I have not heard from him since. Do you think I should be true to him after that?

R. A. F.

Yes, you have no reason to doubt him, have you? Mails from the ships are often delayed. Wait a while, and then write him, asking him what is the matter. Then, if you don't hear from him after a few months, drop the affair.

Two Sisters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

We are two sisters living on a farm and when work began last spring we did our share of it, and more, too, taking men's places. We have a sister 11 years old, and she won't do a bit of housework. There are eight children in the family. When we say anything to her or the younger children our father scolds. He does not believe we ought to have new clothes and does not treat our company well. What shall we do?

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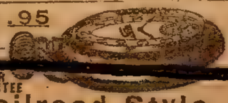

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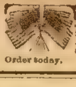

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This beautiful hand bag is the very latest style. Made of finest quality chiffon velvet and lined with fine quality silk. Has special shirred pocket for coin purse which is made of same shade of silk as lining and closes with patent fastener. Beveled plate mirror, securely set inside top, measures 4 in. by 2¾ in. When closed, lid fastens with strong metal loop and ball clasp. Strong hinge and clasp are highly nickel polished. Wide Chiffon Velvet handle with loop knots. A rich, heavy chenille tassel completes this handsome bag. The season's best style. Comes in black, brown, navy, or taupe. Be sure to state color wanted. Size, from top of handle to bottom of tassel, 19½ in.; width 8¾ in.

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Do you think we ought to leave home? SOPHY AND ELMIRE.

No, be patient. You should not scold your younger sisters and brothers, if your parents do not disapprove of what they do. Bear your father's habits patiently.

Write Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I went with a young man for some time and all of a sudden he got angry with me, and I never found out why. Would like to know what made him angry. How shall I find out? J. L. R.

Write him a short note, asking him why he is angry at you. If he does not answer, drop the matter altogether.

Don't Quit School.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 17, going to high school. I am in love with a young man four years my senior. He has asked me to marry him. Would you advise me to quit school and marry him, or go on with my course? He has always appeared very true to me. HAZEL.

No, don't quit school. I think you are far too young to marry. Finish your course, and then there will be plenty of time to think of marriage.

A Married Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

At the age of 20 I fell in love with a young man, but my parents did not approve of him, so we drifted apart. He married another girl. Now he has been married about five years and I still love him as much as when we first met. I have tried to forget him, and when we see each other we only carry on an impersonal conversation. Since that time I have had the chance to marry two other young men. Would you advise me to marry one, and try to forget? BROWN EYES.

Don't marry unless you have affection and respect for the man. However, you must stop thinking about this married man unless you wish to make the rest of your life miserable. If the young men have good qualities, try to find comfort in the society of one of them.

Invitations.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18, and when visiting relatives in the city met a young man with whom I have corresponded since. My parents know about this. Now I am puzzled about asking him to my home. [illegible] if he showed in any way that he cared to come? In writing to him shall I address him as "Dear John," "Dear Mr. Smith," if he has once addressed me as "Dear Mary?" Is it improper for a girl and a man to ask each other's age? Who should ask first? E. B.

If the young man shows that he wants to call, it is very proper for you to ask him. In writing him the invitation, first consult your mother. Address the man either way, depending on your intimacy with him. Unless you know a person well it is impertinent to ask his age.

To Make Friends.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Please tell me how to act to have gentlemen friends. I am a girl of 19, and have never had a beau, yet I really love a young man. He knows I love him. I've been driving with him several times but he seems to be distant or shy. He never keeps up a conversation with me. What shall I do to gain his love? BROKEN-HEARTED.

Just act your own sweet self. Find out what things your friend is interested in and talk to him about them. Get him to talk about himself. That is about the best way to win a man's love.

Writing to Soldiers.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 17, going with a man of 20. Boy friends that have gone from here to the training camps write to me. Is it proper for me to answer them? F. G.

Yes, surely. Don't tie yourself down to one young man. You are far too young.

Friendly Letters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 15, writing to a sailor seven years my senior. Do you think the difference in our ages should keep us from corresponding? I have known him for a long time. He writes nice, friendly letters. BLUE EYES.

If your mother approves, I see no objection. However, never get sentimental. You are too young.

About Mourning.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 24, and was engaged to be married to a man two years my senior. Some time ago he took sick with influenza and died. Do you think I should wear mourning for a short time? G. T.

Mourning apparel is a matter of taste. However, people do not wear mourning for their sweethearts as a general rule.

[illegible]

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am very much in love with a girl three years my junior. She has told me that she loves me, but sometimes treats me very cold, and now is writing to another young man. Would you advise me to drop her, and try to forget, or win her back again? E. J. F.

Faint heart never won fair lady. If you care for her and she is not engaged to the other young man, hang on for all you are worth. Do what you can to please her and, above all, be thoughtful.

Married Folk.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a married woman 23 years of age, and have been married six years. I love my husband, but have heard that at times he goes with another woman. Recently I met a married man of 34 who appeals to me very much. He says he loves me better than his own wife, and wants me to give up my husband and go away with him. Please tell me what to do. NINA.

What can you be thinking of? Stay with your husband, and unless you know positively that he goes with another woman, don't listen to idle chatter. Find out for yourself, and if he is untrue to you, leave him, but not for this other man.

Careful Parents.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am in love with a good girl whom I have known two or three months. Recently I met her mother while we two were out walking. When the girl got home her mother wanted to know who I was; and when told that I was a stranger in town, advised her not to have anything to do with me until she found out what kind of a reputation I had. The people with whom I work give me a good name. Please tell me how to show her people that I am all right? WILLIE.

Show them by your actions that you can be trusted. Don't try to see the girl without their approval, and have somebody with whom you work tell her parents that you are a fit companion for their daughter.

Another Man's Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man 18 years old, and in love with a girl my age. She says she loves me, but she is engaged to a boy in the Army. Should I go with her or drop her now? J. L. W.

Before you thing seriously of her, find out if she has taken back her promise to the other young man. Don't be untrue to a man who has been fighting for you.

Father Objects.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a boy of 19 in love with a girl of 16 whose parents are not much good. My father threatens to disinherit me if I marry her. Please suggest something for me to do. L. J. M.

You are too young to marry. Do as your father says and drop the girl. She, too, is too young to think of marriage.

A Family Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a man of 55; about four years ago I married a widow nine years younger than myself, and we got along together nicely until her older children began to interfere. She left me, and has gone to live with them. She likes me all right, and I have promised her a home for her and her younger children if she will come back to me. We have a little girl a year and a half old. Do you think I should take the baby whether her mother comes back or not? Can you tell me what to do? DISCOURAGED.

Don't take the baby away from her mother, but show by every act and word that you really mean to give her the best you can. Try to reach some kind of an understanding with the older children. If you have patience and do not lose your temper you will win out.

Soldier's Names.

DEAR MISS GREY:

We would like to write to two lonely soldiers or sailors, especially at Xmas time. Can you tell us how we can find out the names of some lonesome boys? ALLIE AND ELLIE.

Go to the Red Cross chapter in your nearest town; perhaps they will know of some boys to whom you can write.

Christmas Presents.

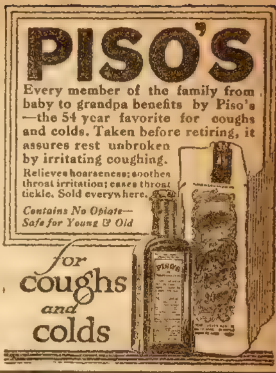
DEAR MISS GREY:

Will you please tell me what would make a nice Xmas present for two girl friends, one 14 the other near 15. Also, what would be nice to give a baby of about a year. BROWN EYES.

Get the girls some pretty handkerchiefs, hairbows, or any little piece of wearing apparel. For the baby, a stuffed animal or rag doll would be ideal.

Women on the Battlefield

There was never a time when the sacrifices and the help of women were more appreciated than at the present time. The influence of women is felt everywhere, on the battlefield, in the hospitals and amongst the producers at home. Conditions created thru this war demonstrated the fact that women can in almost every case replace men successfully. Women all over the world realize more and more that their work at home will help the men at the Front. It involves great sacrifices, hard work and unusual physical strength. Women at home should study nursing for war and for the home. A good way to learn is to send to Publisher of the "Medical Adviser," 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and get a copy of this 1,000 page book with chapters on First Aid, Taking Care of the Sick or Wounded, Physiology, Hygiene, Anatomy, Sex Problems, Mother and Babe. Nobody, man or woman, can do good work when health is impaired. If a woman is nervous or has dizzy spells, suffers from awful pains at regular or irregular intervals she should turn to a tonic made up of herbs, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is the prescription of Dr. Pierce, used by him in active practice many years and now sold by almost every druggist in the land, in liquid or in tablets. It has had fifty years of practical demonstration and successful results in most of the delicate derangements and weaknesses of women.



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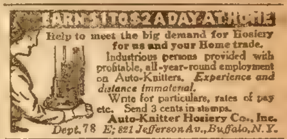

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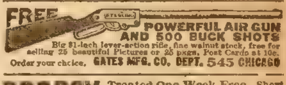

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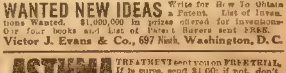

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The Avengers

(Continued From Page 8)

rion chimed in breathlessly, and rising in great excitement, "I only knew it this afternoon, when I sat opposite Mrs. Molyneux in the train and was puzzling out something that had been worrying me—where I had seen her before. She is a woman who traveled down to Weybridge that day with a fierce little man with a heavy black mustache who got out and stumbled against me on the platform so that he had to apologize. He spoke like an American. Mrs. Molyneux, or whatever her name is, did not get out, but went on in the train."

"A Southampton train," said Quayne, his eyes glistening. "The thing is as clear as noonday. The fierce little American was Fayter Frayne, and in all probability Scorrier Voules was with them. Frayne got out to go to Pinecroft, to carry out his shooting program. If successful he would have gone on to Southampton by a subsequent train, rejoined the others, and they would all have boarded one of the liners for New York. Having failed, he recalled them by wire, and they had to begin all over again—with the advantage in their favor that, on hue and cry being raised, they must have scented out the little juggle we meant to carry out at the asylum. They must have guessed that we did not dare set the police on their track for fear of queering our own game, and that they would be safe to try again."

Marion looked at her lover, still sitting in careless attitude, but with veiled eyes, at the table.

"It sounds convincing," she said thoughtfully. "You are still certain, dear, that you have not incurred the enmity of these wretches?"

"I can only repeat that never to my knowledge have I come in contact with them or their organization," was the reply, uttered rather impatiently.

Quayne threw a doubtful glance at the speaker and turned again to Marion. "To complete the chain," he went on, "we have the attempt of Scorrier Voules, under the alias of 'Percy,' to obtain from your aunt, Miss Middleton, the name of your agent—myself to-wit—followed by Mrs. Molyneux's journey to Broadstairs today. I have no doubt that her purpose was to spy upon you, and that she was a witness of your meeting on the jetty. Peckthorne could not discern her features in the darkness, but he described the woman he disturbed as young, active, and of slight figure. On the whole, I call it a pretty straight indictment."

The man at the table withdrew his hand from his face and, rising slowly to his full height, looked the detective squarely in the face. "I give you my word that I can throw no light on all this," he said solemnly. "I admit that you have acted as I should have done in your position, and that the precautions you have taken seemed necessary, tho they were really quite uncalled for. These precious Knights of Industry must be after my double—the fellow who is still under Doctor Beaman's care at Grey Gables. I have no doubt that they will shortly find out their mistake."

"But, sir, these are very dangerous people; they may find out their mistake too late for your safety," Quayne repied significantly.

"Would it not be well to be guided by that opinion, dear," pleaded Marion, coming forward and resting her hand on her lover's shoulder. "Let us ask Mr. Quayne to continue his investigations, and in the meanwhile employ all the resources of his agency to take care of you."

"It would be most distasteful to me, and I cannot sanction any such course. If the Knights of Industry are such omniscient pursuers of an intended victim they will soon discover that I am not the man they want. At any rate this is my final word. I am not afraid of the risk."

"Then your instructions are not to proceed further in the matter? I am to withdraw all protection from Mr. Lukyn?" said Quayne to Marion.

"Yes," she replied, with a proud confidence that rang thru the playfulness of her words. "I cannot start married life by subjecting my husband to a constant annoyance. He says that there is nothing to be afraid of, so I am not afraid. Tho perhaps, dear, it would be wiser if you stayed at some other hotel than the Colossal, where Mr. Quayne tells us that two of the gang are to be found," Marion suggested to her lover.

"I should not dream of altering my plans on that account," he answered.

John Quayne took up his hat with a shrug, and, bidding the engaged couple good night, strolled out to the breezy sea front and made his way to the Royal Albion, where he had engaged a bed. Two minutes after he entered, the young man who had just rejected his services came in and, passing him in the hall, nodded curtly as he went upstairs to his room.

"The fellow is a fool or worse, and ought never to have been taken out of the asylum. I should be sorry to insure his life for half a crown," the detective muttered as he turned into the coffee-room for some refreshment before seeking his own chamber.

Marion marries the escaped lunatic, and on the very night of their wedding the peril begins. Read the third installment in next week's Ledger and find out how the Knights of Industry plan Leslie's destruction.

* * *

Repetition Required.

AN ELDERLY person, in neat but somewhat threadbare clothing, entered a fashionable restaurant and ordered an expensive but discriminatingly chosen dinner, with a bottle of wine and a good cigar to follow.

When he had finished he intimated to a waiter that he wished to speak to the manager. Promptly the manager came.

"I trust everything has been satisfactory?" he inquired.

"Everything," stated the older man, "has been quite satisfactory. It was, however, of another matter I wished to speak to you. Do you perhaps recall that about a year ago a man well past the prime of life came in here and ordered such a meal as the one I have just enjoyed and when he finished he told you that he had no money with which to pay the bill, and you called two of your assistants and had that old gentleman thrown bodily into the street?"

"Yes," stated the manager, regretfully, "I do recall the incident you mention. I am sorry that it should have happened, but we have to protect ourselves against imposition. Nevertheless, I confess that the thing has disturbed my conscience ever since. But why do you speak of it now?"

"Because"—and here the venerable person rose—"because"—his tone was soft and low—"because, my dear sir, I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you again."

* * *

Signs of Industry.

A LADY advertised for a man to work in her garden, and two men applied for the job. While she was interviewing them on the lawn she noticed that her mother was making signs to her to choose the shorter of the two men, which she did. When the ladies were alone the daughter said:

"Why did you signal me to choose the shorter man, mother? The other one had a much better face."

"Face!" returned the old lady. "When you are picking out a man to work in your garden you want to go by his trousers. If they're patched on the knees, you want him; but if they're patched on the seat, you don't."

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One in Four of Our Men Called for Draft Examination Was Physically Deficient

CITY PHYSICIAN STRONGLY ADVISES ALL PERSONS TO HAVE BLOOD EXAMINATIONS MADE BY FAMILY DOCTOR

SAYS THOUSANDS SUFFER FROM IRON DEFICIENCY

And think its "overwork," "too much worry," "a case of nerves," or some other trouble. Ordinary Nuxated Iron will increase the strength and endurance of such folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital.

DR. SULLIVAN SAYS

One-fourth of the people are sick—not up to the normal health mark as shown by General Crowder's reports to Congress on the draft examination. I strongly advise everyone who feels weak, nervous or run-down at times, to go to their family physician and have a blood examination made. Thousands suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. In my opinion there is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help give increased strength and energy to the weak, run-down and aged.

In General Crowder's report to Congress, he stated that twenty-nine per cent of the men called for physical examination were found physically deficient: that is more than one out of four of the flower of our land was sick, and many of them perhaps did not know it.

In commenting on this serious condition of affairs, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "The probability is that many of these cases were due solely to lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles. When the iron goes from the blood, you can have most any kind of symptoms, varying from a weak, nervous, run-down state, to those of most serious maladies; the volume of blood often increases, thereby imposing an extra heavy burden on the heart. Contrary to general opinion, lack of iron in the blood does not necessarily mean you do not have enough blood, but it means your blood is not of the right kind."

If you feel tired in the mornings; restless at night; if you suffer from weakness or lack of vitality; go to your family doctor and have him take a specimen of your blood and examine it, and if it shows iron deficiency, get him to give you a prescription for organic Iron—Nuxated Iron. Do this so as to be sure that you do not get hold of some of the numerous forms of metallic iron preparations on the market which may do you far more harm than good. Or if you do not want to go to this trouble, purchase an original package of Nuxated Iron and see for yourself that the words Nuxated Iron appear on the package—not Nux and Iron nor any other form of iron other than Nuxated Iron.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on the value of Nuxated Iron, said: "This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any remedy I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. The manufacturers are to be congratulated in having given to the public a long felt want, a true tonic, supplying iron in an easily digested and assimilated form. A true health builder in every sense of the word."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be amiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Manufacturers' Note:—Nuxated Iron which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

A Woman's Message to Women!

(TRADE-MARK)

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"Last Spring I was in a critical condition from female troubles, inflammation, displacement, irregularity and flooding, so that I would have to stay in bed sometimes for two weeks, and the doctor thought I would have to go through an operation. I wrote for your ten days' Opaline treatment, which helped me wonderfully, so I sent for a box, and at the last two times, I staid up and did my work. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest thing on earth for women's ailments, and I will recommend it every chance I have." Mrs. Ellen Anderson.

COLLINSTON, LA.
"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline treatment has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered ever since entering womanhood until she tried your remedy; but she is getting along fine now and all of her pains and cramps have left her. As for myself, it has cured me of untold suffering and weakening drains. Doctors did not help, but after using your remedy one month, I am up and able to do all my work for ten in the family. I can't find words to thank you enough." Mrs. H. N. Osborn.

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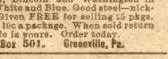

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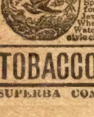

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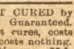

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SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.

Demons of the Sea

(Continued From Page 21)

unusual thickness, would turn quietly over and go down into the ooze, sealed against the Judgment Day.

But the floor righted, tilted, righted once more. A sense of movement succeeded that of pressure. Then, to their utter amazement, a white light shot thru the observation port, flooding the inside of the conning tower, and the F55 scraped the rocks.

Donald grasped at Davies. "Davies! We are at the surface again!" he cried.

There was no doubting it. The moonlight flooded the interior of the tower, and before their eyes, seen thru the port, were the rugged outlines of Fair Island. The monsters must have raised the submarine by the united force of their massed bodies.

Once raised, so slight was the balance of equilibrium, which depended upon the rudder and not upon the tanks, she would remain at the surface. With the rudder locked, they could return to the mainland!

"This time," said Donald, "we are going ashore to stay."

"Amen!" said Davies solemnly, and the three grasped hands.

A few moments later they emerged upon the drying deck of the F55. She was back in her old position upon the shelving beach, at the very edge of the waves. The moon, which rode high in the sky, was already paling before the increasing luster of the dawn.

"Where's Clouts?" asked Donald suddenly.

"Isn't he below?" queried Davies.

Donald raised his voice and shouted. He ran below, calling for Clouts. But there came no answer. It soon became evident that Clouts was not on the submarine.

"Good Lord!" said Donald.

It occurred to him then that he had told Clouts to look at the rudder, but he had never supposed that the man would be able to adjust it. Had he forgotten, gone back to adjust it, and failed to return?

He took a couple of revolvers and gave one of them to Davies. They went ashore. The firm rocks underfoot seemed the most delicious part of their strange fortune, and gave reality to what was still hardly more than a dream.

They knew that there was no danger of attack in the moonlight. Nevertheless, they remained near the boat. And each of them called for Clouts, firing his revolver, and listening for any response.

But there was no response. It was evident that, for some reason unknown, Clouts had gone into the sea.

Only a thousand echoes from the crags answered them. The gulls and kittiwakes, startled by the noise, flew up, screaming hoarsely, from the cliffs. But there came back no human cry.

They ascended the shelving beach and stood, looking eastward, waiting for the sun to rise.

Suddenly Davies uttered a low exclamation and touched Donald lightly upon the arm. "Look!" he exclaimed.

A little distance away, at the mouth of a cave, was piled a quantity of stores, evidently left by the supply ship, but disarranged and partly opened. There were cases of food, tanks of oil, and gasoline.

They went to the cave and began to make a quick examination of them. In the midst of this work a whirring sound came to their ears. It was that of a gas engine.

Looking over the rocks, they saw a man in a large motorboat hurrying round the promontory. Donald hailed him with a yell. There came no answer, but the boat continued to make toward them.

The man in the boat raised his head. It was MacBeard. He stopped the engine and lay to, about a couple of hundred yards away. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and waved it.

"The d—n rogue!" muttered Davies, raising his revolver.

It was indeed Professor MacBeard. And he appeared distressed. At least he flew the distress, or parley, signal, and his movements seemed altogether more agitated, and his demeanor less bland than on the preceding afternoon.

Whatever his nocturnal work had been, it seemed to have been cut short by the dawn, which had driven the monsters to seek shelter in the ocean depths. He seemed to have come from the other side of the island.

"Truce!" he seemed to shout, altho the sound, echoing from rock to rock, was not clearly audible. "Truce!" He waved the handkerchief frantically.

Donald and Davies fired together. They saw the bullets strike the water. MacBeard crouched down behind the engine. There could be no parleying with such as he.

They emptied their weapons in their fury. MacBeard was just out of range. He started the engine again and came to a halt fifty yards farther at sea.

"Truce! I want to speak to you," he yelled.

They aimed their empty revolvers. MacBeard started for safety. His boat disappeared round a distant point of the island.

"The devil!" said Donald. Then he turned to Davies.

"We'll take on supplies, at any rate," he said. "One thing is sure: those devils might raise the submarine, but they can never sink her, once the tanks are blown."

"They were blown when we submerged, sir," answered the middy. "The deflected rudder kept us down. But we can't go down unless we try to start her."

"Miss Kennedy!" Donald called to Ida, who had disappeared within the cave.

She did not answer him, and the two men approached to summon her. But just within the cave they saw something that revived for a moment the old horrors which they had escaped. There were two human skeletons, with fragments of clothing near them. Donald stooped and picked up a morsel.

"Khaki—Government khaki!" he said. "I wonder who——"

But the explanation became too obvious when, projecting from behind a rock near by, they saw the wing of an airplane. The missing aviators had been found. And the manner of their deaths was only too clear. They must have been seized, while sleeping, by the sea devils.

The airplane, which was of the hydroplane type, had evidently been drawn within the cave and left there by the aviators. A hasty examination showed Donald that it was uninjured. Perhaps MacBeard had intended to make use of it; or it was possible that he had not seen it, for it was hardly distinguishable among the shadows.

"She's sound as a bell," said Donald triumphantly. "Davies, can you fly?"

"No, sir," answered the middy.

"Tough luck! I can, fortunately. I took a course, you know. Now, Davies, there's only one thing to do, and I'm sorry about it, but I can't see any other way out. You'll have to go aboard the submarine, look out for Clouts, in case he turns up, which I am afraid is unlikely, and then wait for aid. I shall fly across to the mainland with Miss Kennedy, tell the authorities what is happening up here, and send you back assistance. A fast cruiser or two will make short work of these monsters."

"Yes, sir," said Davies, without enthusiasm. He did not relish the idea of remaining on that shore alone.

"Miss Kennedy!" called Donald. "Ida! Where are you? Don't go too far!"

No answer came, and they began to grow uneasy.

"She went inside the cave, I think," said Davies.

"Yes, I'm sure of it," answered Donald; and he entered farther into its recesses, calling "Ida! Ida!"

They began to be alarmed. They hurried from point to point. The cave was a wide one, but tapered, some distance back, into the neck of a bottle. It seemed evident that Ida could not have gone farther than this point.

"Run back, Davies, and see if she can't be outside," said Donald.

And, while he called, Davies took up the search without. Donald waited in terror. He did not dare go farther into the cave just then.

Ten minutes later Davies returned. A glance at his face told that his mission had been entirely fruitless. They looked at each other.

"There's light ahead," said Davies.

They proceeded cautiously, and suddenly they came upon a little entrance leading up from the sea. Close by was the point around which MacBeard had disappeared in his motorboat.

Davies saw Donald shaking with mixed terror and rage. He stared out hopelessly toward the sea. Then, brushing past Davies without a word, he almost ran into the bottle neck of the interior. The middy followed him.

The ground grew damp, the floor seemed to descend abruptly. Davies could hardly keep his feet. All at once he heard Donald's muffled voice calling to him. He saw the spurt of a match flame.

Ten paces farther Donald pulled him back as his foot slipped on the edge of a precipice. Donald struck another match and looked down.

Under them was the level of the ocean bed. They were upon the very verge of a precipitous descent, a sheer wall having, however, natural footholds at regular intervals.

Something white fluttering near drew their attention. Donald picked it up and

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My internal method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

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....

held it out. It was a woman's handkerchief.

"She slipped here—" began the little middy, but Donald took the words from his mouth.

"No!" he cried furiously. "She was caught in the cave by that d—d scoundrel MacBeard. He put his boat in at the tiny cove and came on her from behind. And he's taken her—my God, he's taken her . . . That's her message to me, that handkerchief. . . ."

His voice grew incoherent and he broke down. Then he raised it in furious declamation.

"But I'll follow that cur until I die!" he swore. "I may not rescue her—I don't know, Davies, and I hardly dare to hope. But I'll stay here and give my life——"

He broke off suddenly, a spasm passed across his features, and all at once he became completely calm once more.

"No, I won't, Davies," he said. "It's my duty now to fly to England with all speed. You'll stay here and do what you can. It may be very little, old man, but we musn't think of anything but our jobs."

"No, sir," said Davies.

It was a dreary journey back into the sunlight, and the warm day had grown intolerable. But half an hour before they had been assured of freedom. Now—everything was shattered. Whether Ida lived or died by some unimaginable fate, Donald knew that henceforth all his life must be devoted to the task of fulfilling Masterman's commands.

"If I had only known he spoke the truth!" he murmured over and over.

There was nothing more to be done but prepare for the journey. Donald felt reasonably sure that the F55 was safe against the herd. The terrific upward pressure of the night had not started a rivet; lying as she was upon the beach, she was unassailable.

They filled her oil-tanks and carried the stores aboard. Then Donald filled the gasoline tank of the hydroplane, and, entering, made a short trial flight out to sea and back. The machine was in perfect condition.

A grasp of the hand and Donald was gone upon his journey. From his post in the conning tower Davies watched the hydroplane rise and fall to the wind, and sweep into the distance, to dwindle and disappear.

The little middy put on the hatch and sat down upon the floor of the conning tower. He felt awfully alone and desolate. And he was trying with all his might not to cry.

For, now that his immediate responsibilities were not shared, he was nothing but a schoolboy on an adventure.

Clouts gets the sea-woman out of the submarine and finds Ida at the bottom of the sea. How he rescues her, and foils MacBeard, is told in the fifth installment, which appears in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Skittish.

"What's the latest from Hindenburg?"

"Now he's telling 'em to be hard."

"I expect they will git pretty hard to ketch."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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AGENTS GOING WILD OVER OUR "HIStory of the world war." 800 pages, 300 illustrations. By Francis March, Chief of Staff U. S. Army. Authentic book. Best terms. Complete outfit free. Act at once. Mead Publishing Co., Masonic Temple, Middletown, N. Y.

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AGENTS—CHRISTMAS ARTICLES—GO like Hot Cakes around the Holidays. Your chance to clean up $200 to $300. Write quick for particulars. American Products Co., 7554 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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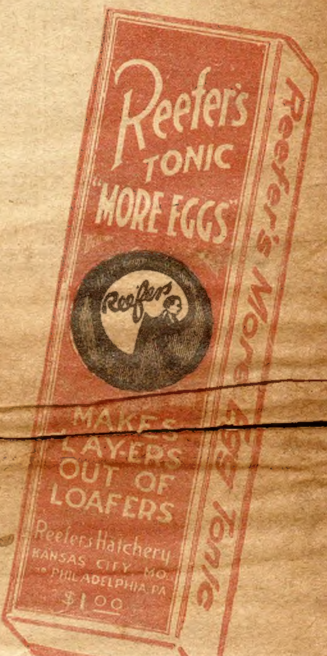

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

That's the experience of one poultry raiser who wrote me. A. P. Woodard of St. Cloud, Fla., writes: "I get from 40 to 50 eggs a day now. Before using 'More Eggs' I was getting only 8 or 9 eggs a day." Here are the experiences of a few others of the hundreds who write me:

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I have fed two boxes of More Eggs Tonic to my hens and I think my hens have broken the record for eggs. I have 160 White Leghorns and from March 25 to April 15 I sold 125 dozen eggs.

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Rochelle, Va.

E. J. Reefer:

I received my "More Eggs" Tonic about the 8th of January and am so well pleased with it I am mailing you $1.00 for another box. I have about 150 hens and get anywhere from 80 to 100 eggs daily, and one day over 100.

MISS VERA BOWMAN.

"Selling Eggs Now"

Hebo, Oregon

E. J. Reefer:

I was not getting an egg when I began the use of the "More Eggs" Tonic. Now I am selling eggs.

MRS. J. F. BRINK.

"Gets Winter Eggs"

Wilburton, Kan.

E. J. Reefer:

It is the first time I got so many eggs in winter. When I began using "More Eggs" I was only getting from 1 to 3 eggs per day and now I am getting 11 to 13 eggs per day.

MRS. JULIA GOODEN.

18 Hens—12 Eggs a Day

Luray, Va.

E. J. Reefer:

Six weeks ago I began giving "More Eggs" Tonic and I was not getting an egg from 18 hens, and now I am getting 10 to 12 every day. You can quote me as saying that it is the best chicken tonic in the world. R. L. REYNOLDS

"Layed All Winter"

Lockawana, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Reefer:

I gave the tablets to my hens and in three weeks they began laying and layed all winter. I never saw anything like them in the world.

Youre truly, MRS. ALBERT SMITH.
Penna R. R. Ore Docks

"37 Eggs a Day"

Elwood, Indiana

E. J. Reefer:

That More Eggs Tonic is simply grand. When I started using it they did not lay at all, now I get 37 eggs a day.

Yours truly,
EDGAR E. J. LINNIGER

"Increase from 2 to 45 Eggs a Day"

Derby, Iowa

Reefer's Hatchery:

Since I began the use of your More Eggs Tonic 2 weeks ago I am getting 45 eggs a day, and before I was only getting 2 or 3 a day.

Yours truly, DORA PHILLIPS.

"Doubles Egg Production"

Paradise, Texas.

E. J. Reefer:

I have been using More Eggs Tonic 3 or 4 weeks and must say it is fine. My egg production has been doubled. J. C. KOENINGER.

"48 Dozen In One Week"

Woodbury, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Reefer:

I can't express how much I have been benefitted by answering your ads. I've got more eggs than I ever did. I sold 42 1/2 dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 1 1/2 dozen left. From your friend, MRS. LENA McBROON

"Increase From 8 to 36 Eggs a Day"

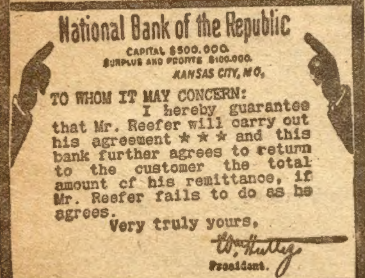
Shady Bend, Kansas.

E. J. Reefer:

I am well pleased with your More Eggs Tonic. I was only getting 8 or 9 eggs, now I am getting 3 dozen a day. Yours truly, WM. SCHMIDT.

A Million Dollar Guarantee

Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back



National Bank of the Republic
CAPITAL $500.000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS $100.000
KANSAS CITY, MO,

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby guarantee that Mr. Reefer will carry out his agreement ★ ★ ★ and this bank further agrees to return to the customer the total amount of his remittance, if Mr. Reefer fails to do as he agrees.

Very truly yours,
W. Hutty
President.

More Eggs Makes Layers Out of Loafers

This is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It consists of every element that goes toward the making of more eggs. A perfect regulator, aids digestion, stimulates egg production and builds firm bones and strong muscles. The foremost authorities in America and poultry raisers from every state endorse Reefer's "More Eggs" tonic.

Results Guaranteed!

Here is the facsimile of the guarantee of a million dollar bank that "More Eggs" will produce results. This million dollar bank guarantees to refund your money if you are not satisfied. You run no risk. So don't delay. Every day you wait you are losing money.

E. J. REEFER,
9018 Reefer Bldg.
Kansas City, Missouri

Enclosed find $............ Send at special discount price, with all charges prepaid, ... packages of More Eggs Tonic. Send this with an absolute Bank Guarantee that you will refund all my money if this tonic is not satisfactory to me in every way.

Name ....

Address ....

IMPORTANT: If you don't want to try this Bank Guaranteed tonic, at least mail the coupon for my Free valuable poultry books FREE.

Order Today

Send a dollar today for a full-size package of "More Eggs" tonic, or better yet send $2.25 at extra special discount, and get three packages. Three packages is a full season's supply. Don't put it off. Order now and start your hens making money for you. Remember, you run no risk. A Million Dollar Bank will refund instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. If you don't order your More Eggs now at least mark on the coupon for Mr. Reefer to send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, his valuable poultry book that tells the experience of a man who, himself, has made a fortune and is helping others to make money out of the poultry business. Act NOW. Don't wait. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon. Or send $2.25 which will guarantee your winter's egg supply. Send for this bank-guaranteed egg producer NOW. Today! It has helped thousands of others and will help you, too.

E. J. REEFER, 9018 **Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**